

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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bers, price \$10.

HORTULUS HORTULORUM.

My friend the Professor of Culture
Has a garden fit for a queen,
Set with all flowers of Europe,
And some Oriental between.

A fine dome of glass its heaven,
(If a heaven were needed) would be;
And the wall has a few gilt gratings,
That the crowd its wonders may see.

But his friends are welcome to enter,
And share in the gardener's toil;
And 'tis easier to pluck the flowers,
As they have no roots in the soil.

And if it had bloom'd last summer,
And if next summer could bloom,
We should ask for no better Eden
For "jumping the life to come."

The gardener's skill is more striking,
On this patch of sand, that of late
Was heap'd by the flood subsiding,
His Paradise so to create.

And his blossoms may shine for a season,
Though they have no roots in the soil;
And they yield a delicious acid
To refresh the sage at his toil.

But the sandy bottom defies him,
And underlies all the plot;
And the torrent is mining the garden,
While he carols, and heeds it not.

The dread inartistic problems,
The yearnings and twilights of life,
He cuts and casts out as he saunters
With his delicate pruning-knife.

And one thing his exquisite Culture,
One only, ignores, we fear;
That obstinate *Whence and Whither*
Which dogs us from cradle to bier.

Spectator.

FLOWERS IN A LETTER.

BY ANNA R. HALLIDAY.

Blue eyes that opened first beneath the skies
Of distant prairies, spangled with their
bloom—
Gaze in mine own, with looks of sweet surprise,
And speak in smiles mysteriously wise,
That I should take them from their quiet
tomb.

Sweet lily-cups of white, with hearts of gold,
Half hidden by their fringes closed in sleep,
A richer fragrance in their petals hold
From being crushed, and tenderly unfold
Their perfumed secret from recesses deep.

And creamy bells, with tongues of scarlet hue
Each one repeats a poem to my soul
Of love so pure, devotedness so true,
Of tender trust that mortals never knew,
Until my love had found its destined goal.

Blue eyes and golden hearts and creamy bells—
Ye come to me as pilgrims from a shrine!
I read the words your silent language tells—
I take the kisses from your inmost cells
My love has sent me with a joy divine!

Waft back upon the wings of dewy air,
Frighted with odours of your dying breath,
An answer full of love and fondest prayer
That God may bless this love beyond compare!
My heart's devotion, faithful unto death.

A SUNSET ON YARROW.

The wind and the day had lived together,
They died together, and far away
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the south, the summer levin
Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air:
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
To see your face as an angel's, there.

Never again, ah surely never
Shall we wait and watch, where of old we
stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
Twain grown one in the solitude.

Macmillan's.

EUTOPIA.

There is a garden where lilies
And roses are side by side,
And all day between them in silence
The silken butterflies glide.

I may not enter the garden,
Though I know the road thereto,
And morn by morn to the gateway
I see the children go.

They bring back light on their faces;
But they cannot bring back to me
What the lilies say to the roses
Or the songs of the butterflies be.

F. T. Palgrave.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
JANE AUSTEN.

"I DID not know that you were a studier of character," says Bingley to Elizabeth. "It must be an amusing study."

"Yes, but intricate characters are the most amusing. They have at least that advantage."

"The country," said Darcy, "can in general supply but few subjects for such a study. In a country neighborhood you move in a very confined and unvarying society."

"But people themselves alter so much," Elizabeth answers, "that there is something new to be observed in them for ever."

"Yes, indeed," cried Mrs. Bennett, offended by Darcy's manner of mentioning a country neighborhood, "I assure you that we have quite as much of *that* going on in the country as in town."

"Everybody was surprised, and Darcy, after looking at her for a moment, turned silently away. Mrs. Bennet, who fancied she had gained a complete victory over him, continued her triumph."

These people belong to a whole world of familiar acquaintances, who are, notwithstanding their old-fashioned dresses and quaint expressions, more alive to us than a great many of the people among whom we live. We know so much more about them to begin with. Notwithstanding a certain reticence and self-control which seems to belong to their age, and with all their quaint dresses, and ceremonies, and manners, the ladies and gentlemen in *Pride and Prejudice* and its companion novels seem like living people out of our own acquaintance transported bodily into a bygone age, represented in the half-dozen books that contain Jane Austen's works. Dear books! bright, sparkling with wit and animation, in which the homely heroines charm, the dull hours fly, and the very bores are enchanting.

Could we but study our own bores as Miss Austen must have studied hers in her country village, what a delightful world this might be!—a world of Norris's economical great walkers, with dining-room tables to dispose of; of Lady Bertrams on sofas, with their placid "Do not act anything

improper, my dears; Sir Thomas would not like it;" of Bennetts, Goddards, Bates's; of Mr. Collins's; of Rushbrooks, with two-and-forty speeches apiece—a world of Mrs. Eltons. . . . Inimitable woman! she must be alive at this very moment, if we but knew where to find her, her basket on her arm, her nods and all-importance, with Maple Grove and the Sucklings in the background. She would be much excited were she aware how highly she is said to be esteemed by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is well acquainted with Maple Grove and Selina too. It might console her for Mr. Knightly's shabby marriage.

All these people nearly start out of the pages, so natural and unaffected are they, and yet they never lived except in the imagination of one lady with bright eyes, who sat down some seventy years ago to an old mahogany desk in a quiet country parlour, and evoked them for us. Of her ways and belongings we read for the first time in this little memoir written half a century after her death. For the first time we seem to hear the echo of the voice, and to see the picture of the unknown friend who has charmed us so long—charmed away dull hours, created neighbours and companions for us in lonely places, and made harmless mirth. Some one said just now that many people seem to be so proud of seeing a joke at all, that they impress it upon you until you are perfectly wearied by it. Jane Austen was not of these; her humour flows gentle and spontaneous, it is no elaborate mechanism nor artificial fountain, but a bright natural little stream, rippling and trickling and sparkling every here and there in the sunshine. We should be surprised now-a-days to hear a young lady announce herself as a studier of character. From her quiet home in the country lane this one read to us a real page from the absorbing pathetic humorous book of human nature—a book that we can most of us understand when it is translated into plain English; but of which the quaint and illegible characters are often difficult to decipher for ourselves. It is a study which, with all respect for Darcy's opinion, must require something of country-like calm and concentration, and free-

dom of mind. It is difficult, for instance, for a too impulsive student not to attribute something of his own moods to his specimens instead of dispassionately contemplating them from a critical distance.

So we gladly welcome one more glimpse of an old friend come back with a last greeting. All those who love her name and her work, will prize this addition, small as it is, to their acquaintance with her. *Lady Susan* is a short story complete in itself. It is very unlike her later works in many respects, and scarcely equal to them, but the *Watsons* is a delightful fragment, which might belong to any of her other histories. It is bright with talk, and character, and animation. It is a story which is not *Emma*, and which is not *Pride and Prejudice*, but something between the two, and which was written — so the Preface tells us — some years before either of them was published. In this story vague shadows of future friends seem to be passing and repassing, conversing with each other, sitting down to cards, or “jogging along the muddy road” that led to D—— in Surrey. The anteghosts, if such things exist, of a Mrs. Elton, of an Elizabeth Bennet, of a Darcy, meet us, only they are not ghosts at all, but very living people, with just so much resemblance to their successors as would be found no doubt between one generation and another. A cup of gruel is prepared for the master of the house: perhaps that very cup — “thin, but not too thin” — was destined in a different metempsychosis to immortality, at least such immortality as a cup of gruel might reasonably expect. Emma, sweet, intelligent, with an open countenance, and bright “lively” eyes, such as Miss Austen loved to give her heroines, comes home to live with her family, in consequence of the marriage of the aunt who had brought her up. She is to make her first appearance in the neighborhood at the D—— ball, under the chaperonage of the Edwardses. “The Edwardses were people of fortune, who lived in the town, and kept their coach. The Watsons inhabited a village about three miles off, were poor, and had no close carriage; and ever since there had been balls in the place the

former were accustomed to invite the latter to dine, dress and sleep at their home, on every smoothly return throughout the winter.” Elizabeth, the heroine’s elder sister, “whose delight in a ball was not lessened by a ten years’ enjoyment,” had some merit in cheerfully undertaking to drive her and all her finery over in the old chair to D——.

As the sisters go along, the eldest describes the family with a good deal of frankness. Two sisters are away. There is the peevish Margaret, who is staying with her brother at Croydon, and the scheming Penelope, who has given up a great deal of time, to no purpose as yet, to a certain asthmatic old doctor at Chichester. Elizabeth proceeds to warn her young sister against the fascinations of a certain Tom Musgrave, who has trifled with all the family affections in turn. Then she comes to her brother Sam’s hopeless devotion for Mary Edwards. “A young man must think of some one,” says this philosophic Elizabeth, “and why should he not be as lucky as Robert, who has got a good wife and six thousand pounds?”

“We must not all expect to be individually lucky,” replies Emma, with still truer philosophy. “The luck of one member of a family is luck to all.”

“Mine is all to come,” said Elizabeth giving another sigh to the remembrance of Purvis. “I have been unlucky enough, and I cannot say much for you, as my aunt married again so foolishly. Well, you will have a good ball, I daresay. The next turning will bring us to the turnpike; you may see the church tower over the hedge, and the ‘White Hart’ is close by it. I shall long to know what you think of Tom Musgrave.”

“Such were the last audible sounds of Miss Watson’s voice before they passed through the turnpike gate, and entered on the pitching of the town, the grumbling and noise of which made further conversation most thoroughly undesirable. The old mare trotted heavily along, wanting no direction of the reins to take the right turn, and making only one blunder, in proposing to stop at the milliner’s, before she drew up towards Mr. Edwards’s door. Mr. Edwards lived in the best house in the

street, and the best in the place, if Mr. Tomlinson, the banker, might be indulged in calling his newly erected house at the end of the town, with a shrubbery and a sweep, in the county."

"Mr. Edwards's house was higher than most of its neighbours, with four windows on each side the door. The windows were guarded by posts and chains, and the door approached by a flight of stone steps."

Elizabeth thinks the Edwardses have "a noble house and live quite in style;" and on being admitted, they are received by the lady of the house of that day as well as her daughter — "a genteel-looking girl, with her hair in papers." The papers, however, are taken off in time for the ball. Then the carriages begin to drive up and Emma and her new friends are introduced to the assembly-room.

In passing along a short gallery to the assembly-room, brilliant in lights before them, they had been accosted by a young man, "in a morning dress and boots," standing in the doorway of a bed-chamber, apparently on purpose to see them go by.

"Ah, Mrs. Edwards, how do you do? How do you do, Miss Edwards?" he cried with an easy air. "You are determined to be in good time, I see, as usual. The candles are but this moment lit."

"I like to get a good seat by the fire, you know, Mr. Musgrave," replied Mrs. Edwards.

"I am this moment going to dress," said he. "I am waiting for my stupid fellow. We shall have a famous ball. The Osbornes are certainly coming. You may depend upon that, for I was with Lord Osborne this morning."

And in the course of the evening the party arrives from the Castle — Lord Osborne, his mother, his tutor Mr. Howard, and others of the party, ushered in by an obsequious landlord, and attended by Mr. Tom Musgrave.

Emma resents the family wrongs by a calm curtesy later in the evening, when she is fortunate enough to attract the hero's attention. Lord Osborne and his tutor also admire her; even Lady Osborne gives her a look of complacency. Before the end of the evening the Os-

bornes and their train are on the move. Tom Musgrave will not remain after they have left, and announces his intention of "retreating to a remote corner of the house, ordering a barrel of oysters, and being famously snug." As he is seen no more, the authoress says we may suppose his plan to have succeeded, and may imagine him "mortifying with his barrel of oysters in dreary solitude, or gladly assisting the landlady in her bar to make fresh negus for the happy dancers above."

This is a happy touch, and completes the picture. Tom Musgrave, with his love of effect, his good looks, his flourishes, and his easinesses and uneasinesses, is a capital character. We might, perhaps, prosecute our studies on him in the present age, where, under some different name and in other circumstances, we have certainly met him at more than one house. Emma is very uncompromising, and allows him scant measure. "But you must have liked him," says Elizabeth; "you must have been struck with him altogether."

"I do not like him, Elizabeth. I allow his person and air to be good, and that his manners, to a certain point, — his address rather, — is pleasing. But I see nothing else to admire in him. On the contrary, he seems very vain and conceited, and absurdly anxious for distinction."

To which her surprised sister cries out, "My dearest Emma, you are like no one else."

Notwithstanding Emma's calm curtesy, both Lord Osborne and Tom Musgrave call upon her at Stanton, and one evening Tom Musgrave drops in unexpectedly upon the Watson party. The brother from Croydon is there with his bride, who certainly must have been first-cousin to Mrs. Elton and Mrs. Suckling of Maple Grove. Tom Musgrave loves to take people by surprise. He appears in the doorway in a traveller's wrap, "having come from London, and half a mile out of his road, merely to call for ten minutes at Stanton. In the present instance he had the additional motive of being able to tell the Miss Watsons, whom he depended on finding sitting quietly employed after tea,

that he was going home to an eight-o'clock dinner."

To please Margaret, Miss Watson invites him for the following day.

"With the greatest pleasure," was the first reply. In a moment afterwards,— "That is, if I can possibly get here in time. I shoot with Lord Osborne, and therefore must not engage. You will not think of me unless you see me." And so he departed, delighted in the uncertainty in which he had left them.

One can imagine what Miss Austen would have made of Tom Musgrave. But, indeed, the character is there complete, indicated in a few happy touches, and requiring no further amplification. A note at the end states that "when the author's sister, Cassandra, showed the manuscript of the work to some of her nieces, she also told them something of the intended story. Mr. Watson, for whom the original cup of gruel was made, was soon to die, and Emma to become dependent for a home on her sister-in-law and brother. She was to decline an offer of marriage from Lord Osborne, and finally to marry Mr. Howard, the tutor.

Emma Watson, and Tom Musgrave, and the whole town of D—in Surrey belong, without doubt, to the whole generation of Miss Austen's heroes and heroines. One would scarcely recognize Lady Susan's parentage if it were not so well authenticated. It must have been written early in life, when the author was still experimentalizing (as young authors, and alas! some old authors are apt to do) with other people's characters and creations, making them talk, walk, and rehearse the play, until the real actors come on the stage; and yet even this unpublished novelette possesses one special merit which gives so great a charm to Miss Austen's art. She has a gift of telling a story in a way that has never been surpassed. She rules her places, times, characters, and marshals them with unerring precision. Her machinery is simple but complete; events group themselves so vividly and naturally in her mind that, in describing imaginary scenes, we seem not only to read them, but to live them, to see the people coming and going; the gentlemen courteous and in top-boots, the ladies demure and piquant; we can almost hear them talking to one another. No retrospects; no abrupt flights, as in real life: days and events follow one another. Last Tuesday does not suddenly start into existence all out of place; nor does 1790 appear upon the scene when we

are well on in '21. Countries and continents do not fly from hero to hero, nor do long and divergent adventures happen to unimportant members of the company. With Miss Austen days, hours, minutes succeed each other like clock-work, one central figure is always present on the scene, that figure is always prepared for company. Miss Edwards' curl-papers are almost the only approach to dishabille in her stories. There are postchaises in readiness to convey the characters from Bath or Lyme to Uppercross, to Fullerton, from Gracechurch Street to Meryton, as their business takes them. Mr. Knightly rides from Brunswick Square to Hartfield, by a road that Miss Austen herself must have travelled in the curricule with her brother, driving to London on a summer's day. It was a wet ride for Mr. Knightly, followed by that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon in the shrubbery, when the wind had changed into a softer quarter, the clouds were carried off, and Emma, walking in the sunshine, with spirits freshened and thoughts a little relieved, and thinking of Mr. Knightly as sixteen miles off, meets him at the garden door; and everybody, I think, must be the happier, for the happiness that one half-hour gave to Emma and her "indifferent" lover.

There is a little extract from one of Miss Austen's letters to a niece, which shows that this was not chance, but careful workmanship.

"Your aunt C.," she says, "does not like desultory novels, and is rather fearful that yours will be too much so. That there will be too frequent a change from one set of people to another, and that circumstances will be sometimes introduced of apparent consequence, which will lead to nothing. It will not be so great an objection to me. I allow much more latitude than she does, and think nature and spirit cover many sins of a wandering story. . . ."

But, though the sins of a wandering story may be covered, the virtues of a well-told one make themselves felt unconsciously, and without an effort. Some books and people are delightful, we can scarce tell why; they are not so clever as others that weary and fatigue us. It is a certain effort to read a story, however touching, that is disconnected and badly related. It is like an ill-drawn picture, of which the colouring is good. Jane Austen possessed both gifts of colour and of drawing. She could see human nature as it was; with near-sighted eyes, it is true; but having seen, she could combine her

picture by her art, and colour it from life.

In this special gift for organization she seems almost unequalled. Her picnics are models for all future and past picnics; her combinations of feelings, of gentlemen and ladies, are so natural and life-like that reading to criticize is impossible to some of us — the scene carries us away, and we forget to look for the art by which it is recorded. How delightful the people are who play at cards, and pay their addresses to one another, and sup, and discuss each other's affairs! Take Sir Walter Elliot compassionating the navy and Admiral Baldwin — "nine grey hairs of a side, and nothing but a dab of powder at top — a wretched example of what a seafaring life can do, for men who are exposed to every climate and weather until they are not fit to be seen. It is a pity they are not knocked on the head at once, before they reach Admiral Baldwin's age. . . ."

The charm of friends of pen-and-ink is their unchangeableness. We go to them when we want them. We know where to seek them; we know what to expect from them. They are never preoccupied; they are always "at home;" they never turn their backs nor walk away as people do in real life, nor let their houses and leave the neighbourhood, and disappear for weeks together; they are never taken up with strange people, nor suddenly absorbed into some more genteel society, or by some nearer fancy. Even the most volatile among them is to be counted upon. We may have neglected them, and yet when we meet again there are the familiar old friends, and we seem to find our own old selves again in their company. For us time has, perhaps, passed away; feelings have swept by, leaving interests and recollections in their place, but at all ages there must be days that belong to our youth, hours that will recur so long as men forbear and women remember, and life itself exists. Perhaps the most fashionable marriage on the *tapis* no longer excites us very much, but the sentiment of an Emma or an Anne Elliot comes home to some of us as vividly as ever. It is something to have such old friends who are so young. An Emma, blooming, without a wrinkle or a grey hair, after twenty years' acquaintance (she was, in truth, sixty years old when we first knew her); an Elizabeth Bennet, sprightly and charming, at over eighty years of age. . . .

In the *Roundabout Papers* there is a pas-

sage about the pen and ink friends my father loved: —

"They used to call the good Sir Walter the 'Wizard of the North.' What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchancingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather Stocking were to glide in silent? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter, with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger De Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do we are happy to meet. . . ."

Are not such friends as these, and others unnamed here, but who will come unannounced to join the goodly company, creations that, like some people, do actually make part of our existence, and make us the better for theirs? To express some vague feelings is to stamp them. Have we any one of us a friend in a Knight of La Mancha, a Colonel Newcome, a Sir Roger de Coverley? They live for us even though they may have never lived. They are, and do actually make part of our lives, one of the best and noblest parts. To love them is like a direct communication with the great and generous minds that conceived them.

It is difficult, reading the novels of ^{pre}succeeding generations, to determine how much each book reflects of the time in which it was written; how much of its character depends upon the mind and the mood of the writer. The greatest minds, the most 'original, have the least stamp of the age, the most of that dominant natural reality which belongs to all great minds. We know how a landscape changes as the age goes on, and how the scene brightens and gains in beauty as the shadows begin to lengthen. The clearest eyes must see

by the light of their own hour. Jane Austen's hour must have been a midday hour: bright, unsuggestive, with objects standing clear, without relief or shadow. She did not write of herself, but of the manners of her age. This age is essentially an age of men and women of strained emotion, little remains of starch, or powder, or courtly reserve. What we have lost in calm, in happiness, in tranquillity, we have gained in intensity. Our danger is now, not of expressing and feeling too little, but of expressing more than we feel.

There is certainly a wide difference between Miss Austen's ladies, and, let us say, a Maggie Tulliver. One would be curious to know whether, between the human beings who read Jane Austen's books to-day, and those who read them fifty years ago, there is as great a contrast. Have events happened within the last fifty years, feelings changed so rapidly as to turn many of the butterflies back into cocoons again, wrapping them round and round with self-involved, self-inflicted experiences, from which, perhaps, some higher form of moth might start in time, if such a metempsychosis were possible in natural history.

The living writers of to-day lead us into distant realms and worlds undreamt of in the placid and easily contented gigot age. People are gifted with wider experiences, with aspirations and emotions that were never more sincerely spoken than they are now; but, for actual study of character, there seems but little taste. A phase, a mood of mind, a sympathy, is what we look for, and what we chiefly find among the present novelists. There are leaders of the school to whom this criticism does not apply; and yet it would be no disrespect to George Eliot to say that we know more of her own generous sympathies and of the inner minds of her creations than of their outward expression, or to Mrs. Oliphant to remember more vividly what Zaidee and her sisters have felt than what they said. One reason may be, perhaps, that characters in novels are certainly more intimate with us and on less ceremonious terms than in Miss Austen's days. Her heroines have a stamp of her own. They have a certain gentle self-respect and humour and hardness of heart in which modern heroines are a little wanting. Whatever happens they can for the most part speak of gaily and without bitterness. Love with them does not mean a passion so much as an interest — deep, silent; not quite incompatible with a secondary flirtation. Marianne Dashwood's tears are ev-

idently meant to be dried. Jane Bennet smiles, sighs, and makes excuses for Bingley's neglect. Emma passes one disagreeable morning making up her mind to the unnatural alliance between Mr. Knightly and Harriet Smith. It was the spirit of the age, and, perhaps, one not to be unenvied. It was not that Jane Austen herself was incapable of understanding a deeper feeling. In the last written page of her last written book, there is an expression of the deepest and truest experience. Anne Elliot's talk with Captain Benfield is the touching utterance of a good woman's feelings. They are speaking of men and of women's affections. "You are always labouring and toiling," she says, "exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends, all united; neither time nor life to be called your own. It would be too hard, indeed, (with a faltering voice,) if a woman's feelings were to be added to all this."

Farther on she says, eagerly: "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow-creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No! I believe you capable of everything good and great in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance so long as — if I may be allowed the expression — so long as you have an object; I mean while the woman you love lives and lives for you. *All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not court it) is that of loving longest when existence or when hope is gone.*"

She could not immediately have uttered another sentence — her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

Dear Anne Elliot! — sweet, impulsive, womanly, tender-hearted — one can almost hear her voice, pleading the cause of all true women. In those days when, perhaps, people's nerves were stronger than they are now, sentiment may have existed in a less degree, or have been more ruled by judgment, it may have been calmer and more matter-of-fact; and yet Jane Austen, at the very end of her life, wrote thus. Her words seem to ring in our ears after they have been spoken. Anne Elliot must have been Jane Austen herself, speaking for the last time. There is something so true, so womanly, about her, that it is impossible not to love her. She is the bright-eyed heroine of the earlier novels, ma-

tured, chastened, cultivated, to whom fidelity has brought only greater depth and sweetness instead of bitterness and pain.

What a difficult thing it would be to sit down and try to enumerate the different influences by which our lives have been affected—influences of other lives, of art, of nature, of place and circumstance,—of beautiful sights passing before our eyes, or painful ones: seasons following in their course—hills rising on our horizons—scenes of ruin and desolation—crowded thoroughfares—sounds in our ears, jarring or harmonious—the voices of friends, calling, warning, encouraging—of preachers preaching—of people in the street below, complaining, and asking our pity. What long processions of human beings are passing before us! What trains of thought go sweeping through our brains! Man seems a strange and ill-kept record of many and bewildering experiences. Looking at oneself—not as oneself, but as an abstract human being—one is lost in wonder at the vast complexities which have been brought to bear upon it; lost in wonder, and in disappointment perhaps, at the discordant result of so great a harmony. Only we know that the whole diapason is beyond our grasp: one man cannot hear the note of the grasshoppers, another is deaf when the cannon sounds. Waiting among these many echoes and mysteries of every kind, and light and darkness, and life and death, we seize a note or two of the great symphony, and try to sing; and because these notes happen to jar, we think all is discordant hopelessness. Then come pressing onwards in the crowd of life, voices with some of the notes that are wanting to our own part—voices tuned to the same key as our own, or to an accordant one; making harmony for us as they pass us by. Perhaps this is in life the happiest of all experience, and to few of us there exists any more complete ideal.

And so now and then in our lives, when we learn to love a sweet and noble character, we all feel happier and better for the goodness and charity which is not ours, and yet which seems to belong to us while we are near it. Just as some people and states of mind affect us uncomfortably, so we seem to be true to ourselves with a truthful person, generous-minded with a generous nature; life seems less disappointing and self-seeking when we think of the just and sweet and unselfish spirits moving untroubled among

dinning and distracting influence. These are our friends in the best and noblest sense. We are the happier for their existence,—it is so much gain to us. They may have lived at some distant time, we may never have met face to face, or we may have known them and been blessed by their love; but their light shines from afar, their life is for us and with us in its generous example; their song is for our ears, and we hear it and love it still, though the singer may be lying dead.

Some women should raise and ennoble all those who follow after,—true, gentle and strong and tender, whom “to love is a liberal education,” whom to have known is a blessing in our past. Is not the cry of the children still ringing in our ears as when the poet first uttered her noble song?

This little book, which has come out within the last few months, tells with a touching directness and simplicity the story of a good and gifted woman, whose name has long been a household word among us, but of whose history nothing was known until this little volume appeared. It only tells the story of a country lady, of days following days tranquilly, of common events; and yet the history is deeply interesting to those who loved the writer of whom it is written; and as we turn from the story of Jane Austen's life to her books again, we feel more than ever that she, too, was one of these true friends who belong to us inalienably—simple, wise, contented, living in others, one of those whom we seem to have a right to love. Such people belong to all human-kind by the very right of their wide and generous sympathies, of their gentle wisdom and loveableness. Jane Austen's life, as it is told by her nephew, is very touching, sweet, and peaceful. It is a country landscape, where the cattle are grazing, the boughs of the great elm-tree rocking in the wind: sometimes, as we read, they come falling with a crash into the sweep; birds are flying about the old house, homely in its simple rule. The rafters cross the whitewashed ceilings, the beams project into the room below. We can see it all: the parlour with the horsehair sofa, the scant, quaint furniture, the old-fashioned garden outside, with its flowers and vegetables combined, and along the south side of the garden the green terrace sloping away.

One may read the account of Catherine Moreland's home with new interest, from the hint which is given of its likeness to

the old house at Steventon, where dwelt the unknown friend whose voice we seem to hear at last, and whose face we seem to recognize, her bright eyes and brown curly hair, her quick and graceful figure. One can picture the children who are playing at the door of the old parsonage, and calling for Aunt Jane. One can imagine her pretty ways with them, her sympathy for the active, their games and imaginations. There is Cassandra. She is older than her sister, more critical, more beautiful, more reserved. There is the mother of the family, with her keen wit and clear mind; the handsome father — “the handsome proctor,” as he was called; the five brothers, and the cousins driving up the lane. Tranquil summer passes by, the winter days go by; the young lady still sits writing at the old mahogany desk, and smiling, perhaps, at her own fancies, and hiding them away with her papers at the sound of coming steps. Now, the modest papers, printed and reprinted, lie in every hand, the fancies disport themselves at their will in the wisest brains and the most foolish.

It must have been at Steventon — Jane Austen's earliest home — that Mr. Collins first made his appearance (Lady Catherine not objecting, as we know, to his occasional absence on a Sunday, provided another clergyman was engaged to do the duty of the day), and here, conversing with Miss Jane, that he must have made many of his profoundest observations upon human nature; remarking, among other things, that resignation is never so perfect as when the blessing denied begins to lose somewhat of its value in our estimation, and propounding his celebrated theory about the usual practice of elegant females. It must have been here, too, that poor Mrs. Bennet declared, with some justice, that once estates are entailed, one can never tell how they will go; that Mrs. Allen's sprigged muslin and John Thorpe's rodомontades were woven; that his gig was built, “curricled-hung lamps, seat, trunk, sword-case, splashboard, silver moulding, all, you see, complete. The ironwork as good as new, or better. He asked fifty guineas. . . . I closed with him directly, threw down the money, and the carriage was mine.”

“And I am sure,” said Catherine, “I know so little of such things, that I cannot judge whether it was cheap or dear.”

“Neither the one nor the other,” says John Thorpe.

Mrs. Palmer was also born at Steventon

— the good-humoured lady in *Sense and Sensibility*, who thinks it so ridiculous that her husband never hears her when she speaks to him. We are told that Marianne and Ellinor have been supposed to represent Cassandra and Jane Austen; but Mr. Austen Leigh says that he can trace no resemblance. Jane Austen is not twenty when this book is written, and only twenty-one when *Pride and Prejudice* is first devised. There is a pretty description of the sisters' devotion to one another; of the family party; of the old place where Jane Austen spends the first five-and-twenty years of her life — Steventon, where there are hedgerows winding, with green shady foot paths within the copse; where the earliest primroses and hyacinths are found. There is the wood-walk with its rustic seats, leading to the meadows; the church-walk leading to the church, “which is far from the hum of the village, and within sight of no habitation, except a glimpse of the grey manor-house through its circling screen of sycamores. Sweet violets, both purple and white, grow in abundance beneath its south wall. Large elms protrude their rough branches, old hawthorns shed their blossoms over the graves, and the hollow yew-tree must be at least coeval with the church.”

Cousins, as I have said, come on the scene — a young, widowed Comtesse de Feuillade, flying from the revolution to her uncle's home. She is described as a clever and accomplished woman, interested in her young cousins, teaching them French (both Jane and Cassandra knew French), helping in their various schemes, in their theatricals, in the barn. She eventually marries her cousin, Henry Austen. The simple family annals are not without their romance; but there is a cruel one for poor Cassandra, whose lover dies abroad, and his death saddens the whole family-party. Jane, too, “receives the addresses” (do such things as addresses exist nowadays?) “of a gentleman possessed of good character and fortune, and of everything, in short, except the subtle power of touching her heart.” One cannot help wondering whether this was a Henry Crawford or an Elton or a Mr. Elliot, or had Jane already seen the person that even Cassandra thought good enough for her sister?

Here, too, is another sorrowful story. The sisters' fate (there is a sad coincidence and similarity in it) was to be undivided; their life, their experience was the same. Some one without a name takes leave of Jane one day, promising to come

back. He never comes back: they hear of his death. The story seems even sadder than Cassandra's in its silence and uncertainty, for silence and uncertainty are death in life to some people. . . . And yet to Jane Austen there can have been no death in life. Her sunny temper and loving heart, even though saddened, must have reflected all the love and all the sunshine in her way.

There is little trace of such a story in Jane Austen's books—not one morbid word is to be found, not one vain regret. Hers was not a nature to fall crushed by the overthrow of one phase of her manifold life. Hers seems to have been a natural genius for life, if I may so speak; too vivid and genuinely unselfish to fail her in her need. She could gather every flower, every brightness along her road. Good spirit, content, all the interests of a happy and observant nature were hers. Her gentle humour and wit and interest cannot have failed.

It is impossible to calculate the difference of the grasp by which one or another human being realizes existence and the things relating to it, nor how much more vivid life seems to some than to others. Jane Austen, while her life lasted, realized it, and made the best use of the gifts that were hers. Yet when her life was ending, then it was given to her to realize the change that was at hand; and as willingly as she had lived, she died. Some people seem scarcely to rise up to their own work, to their own ideal. Jane Austen's life, as it is told by her nephew, is beyond her work, which only contained one phase of that sweet and wise nature—the creative, observant, outward phase. For her home, for her sister, for her friends, she kept the depth and tenderness of her bright and gentle sympathy. She is described as busy with her neat and clever fingers sewing for the poor, working fanciful keepsakes for her friends. There is the cup and ball that she never failed to catch; the spillikens lie in an even ring where she has thrown them; there are her letters, straightly and neatly folded, and fitting smoothly in their creases. There is something sweet, orderly, and consistent in her character and all her tastes—in her fondness for Crabbe and Cowper, in her little joke that she ought to be a Mrs. Crabbe. She sings of an evening old ballads to old-fashioned tunes with a low sweet voice.

Further on we have a glimpse of Jane and her sister in their mob-caps, young still, but dressed soberly beyond their years.

One can imagine "Aunt Jane," with her brother's children round her knee, telling her delightful stories or listening to theirs, with never-failing sympathy. One can fancy Cassandra, who does not like desultory novels, more prudent and more reserved, and somewhat less of a playfellow, looking down upon the group with elder sister's eyes.

Here is an extract from a letter written at Steventon in 1800. The vision seems to speak as one reads the old letters quaint with the accent of near a century ago:

"I have two messages: let me get rid of them, and then my paper will be my own. Mary fully intended writing by Mr. Charles's frank, and only happened entirely to forget it, but will write soon; and my father wishes Edward to send him a memorandum of the price of hops.

"*Sunday evening.*

"We have had a dreadful storm of wind in the forepart of the day, which has done a great deal of mischief among our trees. I was sitting alone in the drawing-room when an odd kind of crash startled me. In a moment afterwards it was repeated. I then went to the window. I reached it just in time to see the last of our two highly-valued elms descend into the sweep!!

"The other, which had fallen, I suppose, in the first crash, and which was nearest to the pond, taking a more easterly direction, sank among our screen of chestnuts and firs, knocking down one spruce-fir, breaking off the head of another, and stripping the two corner chestnuts of several branches in its fall. This is not all: the maple bearing the weathercock was broke in two, and what I regret more than all the rest is, that all the three elms that grew in Hall's Meadow, and gave such ornament to it, are gone."

A certain Mrs. Stent comes into one of these letters "ejaculating some wonder about the cocks and hens." Mrs. Stent seems to have tried their patience, and will be known henceforward as having bored Jane Austen.

They leave Steventon when Jane is about twenty-five years of age and go to Bath, from whence a couple of pleasant letters are given us. Jane is writing to her sister. She has visited Miss A., who, like all other young ladies, is considerably genteeler than her parents. She is heartily glad that Cassandra speaks so comfortably of her health and looks: could travelling fifty miles produce such an immediate change? "You were looking poorly when you were here, and everybody seemed sensible of it." Is there any charm in a hack postchaise?

But if there were, Mrs. Craven's carriage might have undone it all. Here Mrs. Stent appears again. "Poor Mrs. Stent, it has been her lot to be always in the way; but we must be merciful, for perhaps in time we may come to be Mrs. Stents ourselves, unequal to anything and unwelcome to everybody." Elsewhere she writes, upon Mrs. —'s mentioning that she had sent the *Rejected Addresses* to Mr. H., "I began talking to her a little about them, and expressed my hope of their having amused her. Her answer was, 'Oh dear, yes, very much; very droll indeed; the opening of the house and the striking up of the fiddles!' What she meant, poor woman, who shall say?"

But there is no malice in Jane Austen. Hers is the charity of all clear minds, it is only the muddled who are intolerant. All who love Emma and Mr. Knightly must remember the touching little scene in which he reproves her for her thoughtless impatience of poor Miss Bates's volubility.

"You, whom she had known from an infant, whom she had seen grow up from a period when her notice was an honour, to have you now, in thoughtless spirits and in the pride of the moment, laugh at her, humble her . . . This is not pleasant to you, Emma, and it is very far from pleasant to me, but I must, I will, I will tell you truths while I am satisfied with proving myself your friend by very faithful counsel, and trusting that you will some time or other do me greater justice than you can do me now."

"While they talked they were advancing towards the carriage: it was ready, and before she could speak again he had handed her in. He had misinterpreted the feeling which kept her face averted and her tongue motionless." Mr. Knightly's little sermon, in its old-fashioned English, is as applicable now as it was when it was spoken. . . . How alive they all are; with what grace and spirit they play their parts—all these people who were modestly put away for so many years.

Mr. Austen died at Bath, and his family removed to Southampton. In 1811, Mrs. Austen, her daughters, and her niece, settled finally at Chawton, a house belonging to Jane's brother, Mr. Knight (he is adopted by an uncle, whose name he takes), and from Chawton all her literary work was given to the world. *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice* were already written; but in the next five years, from thirty-five to forty, she set to work seriously, and wrote *Mansfield Park*,

Emma, and *Persuasion*. Any one who has written a book will know what an amount of labour this represents. . . . One can picture to oneself the little family scene which Jane describes to Cassandra. *Pride and Prejudice* just come down in a parcel from town; the unsuspicious Miss B. to dinner; and Jane and her mother sitting to in the evening and reading aloud half the first volume of a new novel sent down by the brother. Unsuspicious Miss B. is delighted. Jane complains of her mother's too rapid way of getting on; "though she perfectly understands the characters herself, she cannot speak as they ought. Upon the whole, however," she says, "I am quite vain enough and well-satisfied enough." This is her own criticism of *Pride and Prejudice*:—"The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling. It wants shade. It wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn specious nonsense about something unconnected with the story—an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott or the *History of Bonaparte*."

And so Jane Austen lives quietly working at her labour of love, interested in her "own darling children's" success; "the light of the home," one of the real living children says afterwards, speaking in the days when she was no longer there. She goes to London once or twice. Once she lives for some months in Hans Place, nursing a brother through an illness. Here it was that she received some little compliments and messages from the Prince Regent, and some valuable suggestions from Mr. Clarke, his librarian, respecting a very remarkable clergyman. He is anxious that she should delineate one who "should pass his time between the metropolis and the country, something like Beattie's minstrel, entirely engaged in literature, and no man's enemy but his own." Failing to impress this character upon the authoress, he makes a different suggestion, and proposes that she should write a romance illustrative of the august house of Coburg. "It would be interesting," he says, "and very properly dedicated to Prince Leopold."

To which Miss Austen replies: "I could no more write a romance than an epic poem. I could not seriously sit down to write a romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or other people, I am sure I should be hung before the first chapter."

There is a delightful collection of friends' suggestions which she has put together, but which is too long to be quoted here. She calls it, "Plan of a Novel, as suggested by various Friends."

All this time, while her fame is slowly growing, life passes in the same way in the old cottage at Chawton. Aunt Jane, with her young face and her mob-cap, makes play-houses for the children, helps them to dress up, invents imaginary conversations for them, supposing that they are all grown up the day after a ball. One can imagine how delightful a game that must have seemed to the little girls. She built her nest, did this good woman, happily weaving it out of shreds, and ends, and scraps of daily duty, patiently put together; and it was from this nest that she sang the song, bright and brilliant, with quaint thrills and unexpected cadences, that reaches us even here through fifty years. The lesson her life seems to teach us is this: Don't let us despise our nests — life is as much made of minutes as of years; let us complete the daily duties; let us patiently gather the twigs and the little scraps of moss, of dried grass together; and see the result! — a whole, completed and coherent, beautiful even without the song.

We come too soon to the story of her death. And yet did it come too soon? A sweet life is not the sweeter for being long. Jane Austen lived years enough to fulfil her mission. It was an unconscious one; and unconscious teachers are the highest. They teach by their lives, even more than by their words, and their lives need not reach threescore years and ten to be complete. She lived long enough to write six books that were master-pieces in their way — to make a thousand people the happier for her industry. She lived long enough to be loved by all those of her home.

One cannot read the story of her latter days without emotion; of her patience, her sweetness, and gratitude. There is family trouble, we are not told of what nature. She falls ill. Her nieces find

her in her dressing-gown, like an invalid, in an arm-chair in her bed-room; but she gets up and greets them, and pointing to seats which had been arranged for them by the fire, says: "There is a chair for the married lady, and a little stool for you, Caroline." But she is too weak to talk, and Cassandra takes them away.

At last they persuade her to go to Winchester, to a well-known doctor there.

"It distressed me," she says, in one of her last, dying letters, "to see Uncle Henry."

"And William Knight, who kindly attended us, riding in the rain almost the whole way. We expect a visit from them to-morrow, and hope they will stay the night; and on Thursday, which is a confirmation and a holiday, we hope to get Charles out to breakfast. We have had but one visit from him, poor fellow, as he is in the sick room. . . . God bless you, dear E., if ever you are ill, may you be as tenderly nursed as I have been. . . ."

But nursing does not cure her, nor can the doctor save her to them all, and she sinks from day to day. To the end she is full of concern for others.

"As for my dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable nurse has not been made ill by her exertions," she writes. "As to what I owe her, and the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it, and pray God to bless them more and more."

One can hardly read this last sentence with dry eyes. It is her parting blessing and farewell to those she had blessed all her life by her presence and her love. Thank God that love is beyond death; and its benediction, still with us, not only spoken in words, but by the signs and the love of a lifetime, that does not end for us as long as we ourselves exist.

They asked her when she was near her end if there was anything she wanted.

"Nothing but death," she said. Those were her last words. She died on the 18th of July, 1817, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, where she lies not unremembered.

CHAPTER IX.

HANNAH's waking-up on the morning after her brother-in-law's return was one of the most painful sensations she had ever known, the more so as it was so unusual. To her healthy temperament the morning hour was generally the best of the day. Not Rosie herself, who always woke up as lively as a young linnet in a thorn-bush, enjoyed it more than Aunt Hannah did. But now things seemed changed. She had gone to bed at once, and fallen asleep immediately; for there are times when the brain, worn out by long tension, collapses the instant we lie down—nature forcing upon it the temporary stupefaction which is its only preservative.

Now even she could not shake off weariness, nor rise as usual to look at one of those glorious winter sunrises which only active people see. She dreaded the dawn—she shrank from the sun. For he brought her her daily duties, and how she should ever fulfill them as heretofore she could not tell.

First, how should she again meet Mr. Rivers? What position should she hold towards him? Had her sister lived, he would have been to her nothing at all; regarded with the sacred indifference with which every pure-minded woman regards every other woman's husband. Now, what was he? Not her brother—except by a legal fiction, which he had himself recognized as a fiction. Not her lover; and yet when she recalled his looks and tones, and a certain indescribable agitation which had been upon him all the evening, some feminine instinct told her that, under other circumstances, he might have become her lover. Her husband he could never be; and yet she had to go on living with him in an anomalous relationship, which was a compound of all these three ties, with the difficulties of all and the comfort of none. Her friend he was; that bond seemed clear and plain; but then is it customary for a lady to go and keep the house of a male "friend," be he ever so tried and trusted? Society, to say nothing of her own feelings, would never allow it; and for once society is in the right.

Hannah felt it so—felt that, stripping off the imaginary brother-and-sister bond, Bernard and she were exactly in the position of a lady and gentleman living together in those Platonic relations, which are possible certainly, but which the wicked world never believes to be possible,

and which Nature herself rejects as being out of the ordinary course of things, and therefore very unadvisable. A life difficult enough to carry on even if the parties were calmly indifferent to one another; but what if they were not indifferent? Though he had never "made love" to her in the smallest degree, never caressed her, even in the harmless salutations which brothers and sisters-in-law so commonly indulge in, still Hannah must have been dull indeed not to have long since found out that in some way or other Bernard was very fond of her; and a young man is not usually "very fond" of a woman, not his own born sister, without, sooner or later, wishing to monopolize her, to have her all to himself—in plain terms, to marry her. And though women have much less of this exclusive feeling—though many a woman will go on innocently adoring a man for years without the slightest wish of personal appropriation—still, when somebody else appropriates him—marries him in short—and the relations are changed, and she drops into a common friend, or less than a friend, then even the noblest and most unselfish woman living will feel, for a time, a slight pang, a blank in her life, a soreness at her heart. It is Nature's revenge upon all shams, however innocent those shams may be.

And poor Hannah was reaping Nature's revenge now. Whether he did or did not love her in a brotherly way, she was cruelly conscious that to go on living with her brother-in-law as heretofore would be a very severe trial. Should she fly from it? The way was open. She could write to Lady Dunsmore, who she knew was again in search of a governess, and would gladly welcome her back. Two days, or one day even, and she might resume her old life, her old duties, and forget this year and half at Easterham as if it had never been.

For a moment the temptation was strong. She felt hunted down; like the Israelites, with the Egyptians behind and the Red Sea before, the dreadful surging sea of the future, over which there seemed no pathway, no possible way of crossing it to any safe shore. If she could but escape with her reputation clear out of her brother-in-law's house!—that House on the Hill which had been so pleasant, which she had tried to make a sort of home-beacon to all the parish; and now all the parish levelled at it their cruel stares, their malignant comments, for it was exposed to all. For Bernard's sake, as well

as her own, she ought to save him from this — free him from her blighting presence and go.

As she lay thinking, turning over in her mind how best to accomplish this — when she should write and what she should say to Lady Dunsmore — there came the usual little knock at her door, the usual sound of tiny bare feet trotting over the carpet, and the burst of joyous child-laughter at her bedside. And when she hardly noticed it, for it pierced her like a sword, there came a loud wail. "Tannie, take her! Take Rosie in Tannie arms." Poor Tannie sprang up, and felt that all her well-woven plans were torn down like spider-webs. To go away and leave her child! The thing was impossible.

Our lives, like the year, go through a succession of seasons, which may come early or late, but come in regular order. We do not find fruit in March or primroses in August. Thus, though Hannah's heart now, strangely stirred as it was, had a primrose breath of spring quivering through it, it was not exactly the heart of a girl. She was a woman of thirty, and though she loved — alas, she knew it now only too well! — she did not love romantically, absorbingly. Besides, coexistent with this love had come to her that other sentiment, usually of much later growth — the maternal instinct, which in her was a passion too. Bernard's one rival, and no small one, was his own little child.

As Hannah pressed Rosie to her bosom, all her vague terrors, her equally dreadful delights, faded away into quiet realities, and by the time she had had the child with her for an hour, she felt quite herself again, and was able to carry Rosie down to the Sunday breakfast-table, where the small woman had lately begun to appear, conducting herself like a little princess.

Oh, what a blessing she was! the pretty little maid! How her funny ways, her wonderful attempts at English, and her irresistible bursts of laughter, smoothed over difficulties untold, and helped them through that painful hour — those two, who stood to the little one like father and mother, and yet to one another were nothing, and never could be. This was the strange anomaly of their relationship; that while Rosie was her own flesh-and-blood, closer to her than any child not her very own could possibly be, with Rosie's father there was no tie of blood at all.

The usual Sunday morning routine went

on — prayers, breakfast, after breakfast play with Rosie — yet neither Hannah nor Bernard ventured once to look at each other, lest they should betray the piteous secret, which, whether or not hers did, the deadly paleness of Bernard's features, and his nervous, excited manner, only too much revealed.

"I scarcely slept an hour," he said. "I had to sit up and write my sermon. And I found so much to do among my papers. I must never leave home again."

She was silent.

Then he asked her if she were going to church — an idle question for one who never missed church in any weather. Perhaps he did not want her to go? And she would have been angry, but for the strange compassion she always had for him — the feeling that, if any trouble came to him, she should always like to bear it herself. And now he had more to bear than she. He must go up into his pulpit and preach, conscious that all eyes were watching him, all tongues gossiping concerning him! For in Easterham nothing was hid; rich and poor alike chattered of their neighbour's affairs, and James Dixon's visit to the House on the Hill, in all its particulars, was likely to be as fully known as Mr. Morecomb's interview with Lady Rivers, and its purport as regarded Hannah herself.

The Moat-House, too, must be faced, for at breakfast-time a note had come asking them to dine there, though it was Sunday, as young Mrs. Melville had come over for the day, and particularly wished to see Miss Thelluson.

"You will go?" Bernard had said, passing the note over to her. Her first instinct had been a decided "No;" till, looking down on the bright little face beside her, Aunt Hannah felt that, at whatever cost, she must boldly show her own — at church, at the Moat-House, anywhere and everywhere. There were just two courses open to her — to succumb to the lie, or to meet it and trample it down. So, again taking Rosie in her arms, she looked up fearlessly at Rosie's father.

"Yes, since Lady Rivers asks me, I will certainly go."

It was Hannah's custom to get ready for church quite early, that she might walk with Bernard thither — he disliked walking alone. Never was there a man who clung more affectionately to companionship, or to whom it was more necessary. But this Sunday he never summoned her, so she did not come. Indeed, she had determined not. She watched him start off

alone, and then followed, going a longer way round, so that she only reached her pew when he reached his reading-desk. Then the sad tone of his voice as he read, evidently with an effort, the sentence, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves," &c., went to her heart.

Were they sinners? Was it a crime for her to look now at her dead sister's husband, her living Rosie's father, and think that his was one of the sweetest, noblest faces she had ever seen; that had she met him by chance, and he had cared for her, she could have tended him like a mother, served him like a slave — nay, have forgotten for his sake that sacred dream of so many years, the lost love of her girlhood, and become an ordinary human wife and mother — Rosie's mother. And it would all have seemed so right and natural, and they three would have been so happy? Could it be a sin now? Could any possible interpretation, secular or religious, construe it into a sin?

Poor Hannah! Even in God's house these thoughts pursued her; for, as before said, her only law of conduct was how things were, not in the sight of man, but of God. That love, which was either a righteous affection or a deadly sin, could she once assure herself that He did not forbid it, little she cared whether man forbade it or not. Nor, if it were holy, whether it were a happy love or not.

Thus, during her solitary walk home, and a long solitary afternoon that she spent with Rosie — earning that wonderful rest of mind and fatigue of body which the companionship of a child always brings — her thoughts grew clearer. Rosa's very spirit, which now and then looked strangely out of her daughter's eyes, seemed to say to her that the dead view all things with larger vision than ours, that in their passing away they have left all small jealousies behind them, and remember only the good of their beloved, not themselves at all.

"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" Hannah thought to herself, "surely you are not angry with me, not even now? I am not stepping in to your place and stealing away your joys; I have only tried to fulfil your duties towards this little one and towards him. You know how helpless he is alone! And his pretty lamb — I have to take care of them both. Rosie, my darling, who could ever love you like Tannie? Yet they say it is all unnatural and wrong — that any strange woman would be a better mother to you than I! But that is false, altogether false. When your own mother comes

to look at you, as she may do every night, — I would, if I were a happy ghost and God would let me, Rosie, look at her and tell her so!"

These wild and wandering thoughts, the last of which had been said out loud, must have brought a corresponding expression to Hannah's face, for the child caught it, and fixing on her aunt that deep, wise, almost supernatural gaze she sometimes had, answered deliberately, "Yes." For "No" — given with a sweet decisiveness, as if she already knew her own mind — the baby! and a gentle, satisfied "Yes" were among the earliest accomplishments of that two-year-old darling.

But when Rosie was put to bed, and left wide awake in her little crib, fearless of darkness or anything under Tannie's "lots of tissues," left to curl round and fall asleep in the blessed peace of infancy, innocent of all earthly cares — then this world's bitterness darkened down again upon poor Aunt Hannah. She went to dress for the Moat-House dinner, and prepare to join the family circle, where she, always an uncomfortable excrescence, was now regarded — how and in what light did they regard her? Hannah could not tell; she was going there in order to find out.

Of one thing she was sure, the invitation was not given out of pure kindness. Kindness was not the habit of the Rivers family; they generally had a purpose in all they did. More than once lately, Lady Rivers had told her, in as plain terms as so polite a person could, that she — Hannah — stood in the way of her brother-in-law's marriage; that his family wished him married, and she ought to aid them in every possible way towards that desirable end. Could there be a plan formed for lecturing her on this point?

But no. Bernard would never have allowed it. And if he had, Hannah would not have turned back; she had always faced her fate, this solitary woman, and as she now walked alone in the early winter darkness through Easterham village, she braced up her courage and faced it still.

Externally, there seemed nothing to face; only a bright, pleasant drawing-room, and a circle of charming, well-dressed women; whose conversation suddenly paused at her entrance, as if they had been talking her over, feminine fashion, which no doubt they had. Hannah was sure of it. She knew the way they used to talk over other people — the Melville family above all, till Adeline belonged to it — with that sweet acerbity

and smooth maliciousness which only women understand. A man's weapons smite keen, but they generally smite straight forwards. Women only give the underhand thrusts, of which Hannah that night had not a few.

"What a long, dark walk, Miss Thelluson; only you never mind dark walks. Were you really quite alone? And what has become of Bernard? for you generally know all his proceedings. We thought him looking so well—so much the better for going from home. But what can he have done with himself since church-time? Are you quite sure that—"

The question was stopped by Bernard's entrance—ten minutes after the dinner hour, of which Sir Austin bitterly complained to his son; and then offered his arm to Hannah, who stood silent and painfully conscious, under the battery of four pair of feminine family eyes.

"I have been home to fetch Miss Thelluson," said Bernard. "Hannah, you should not have walked here alone."

And he would have taken a seat beside her, but Lady Rivers signed for Bertha to occupy it. Fenced in by a sister on each side, he had not a chance of a word with Hannah all dinner-time.

It was the same thing afterwards. Miss Thelluson would have been amused, if she had not been a little vexed and annoyed, to see herself thus protected, like an heiress in her teens, from every approach of the obnoxious party. Mother and daughters mounted guard successively, keeping her always engaged in conversation, and subjecting Bernard to a sort of affectionate imprisonment, whence, once or twice, he vainly tried to escape. She saw it, for somehow, without intending it, she always saw him everywhere, and was conscious that he saw her, and listened to every word she was saying. Yet she made no effort to get near him, not even when she noticed him surreptitiously take out his watch and look at it wearily, as if entreating "Do let us go home." Every simple word and act of a month ago had a meaning, a dreadful meaning, now.

Hannah was not exactly a proud woman, but she had a quiet dignity of her own, and it was sorely tried this night. Twenty times she would have started up from the smooth, polite circle, feeling that she could support it no longer, save for Bernard's sad, appealing face and his never-ending endurance. But then they loved him in their own way, and they were his "people," and he bore from them

what he would never have borne from strangers. So must she.

So she took refuge beside Adeline's sofa. Young Mrs. Melville had never been well since her marriage; they said the low situation of Melville Grange did not agree with her. And ill-health being quite at a discount among the Rivers girls, who were as strong as elephants, Adeline lay rather neglected, watching her husband laughing and talking with her sisters—flirting with them, people might have said, almost as much as before he was married; only, being a brother now, of course it did not matter. Nevertheless, there was at times a slight contraction of the young wife's brow, as if she did not altogether like it. But she laughed it off at once.

"Herbert is so merry, and so fond of coming here. Our girls amuse him much more than his own sisters, he says. Just listen how they are all laughing together now."

"It is good to laugh," said Hannah quietly.

"Oh, yes; I am glad they enjoy themselves," returned Adeline, and changed the conversation; but through it all, the pale vexed face, the anxious eyes, heavy with an unspoken anger, an annoyance that could not be complained of, struck Hannah with pity. Here, she thought, was a false position too.

At nine the butler came in, announcing formally, "Miss Thelluson's servant."

"It is Grace. I told her to call for me on her way from chapel. I wished to go home early."

"And without Bernard? I understand. Very right; very nice," whispered Lady Rivers, in a tone of such patronizing approval, that Hannah repented herself of having thus planned, and was half inclined to call Mr. Rivers out of the dining-room, and tell him she was going. But she did not. She only rose, and bade them all good-night. Not one rough word had broken the smooth surface of polite conversation; yet she was fully aware that, though with that convenient plaistering over of sore or ugly places peculiar to the Rivers family, they said nothing, they all knew well, and knew that she knew they knew, why she was going, and the instant her back was turned would talk her over to their hearts' content. Yet she walked out of the room slowly, calmly, with that dignified, ladylike presence she had, almost better than beauty. Yes, even though she saw Lady Rivers rise to ac-

company her up-stairs — a piece of condescension so great that there was surely some purpose in it. Lady Rivers seldom took trouble without a purpose.

Yet for a moment she hesitated, sat pulling her rings off and on, and eyeing with her critical woman-of-the-world gaze this other woman, who fulfilled the apostolic law of being in the world, not of it. The long strain of the evening had worn Hannah out, and she was in doubt whether Bernard would like her stealing off thus — whether, since Lady Rivers thought it “wise,” it really was not most unwise thus to condense the cloudy scandal into shape by paying it the respect of acceptance. As she tied her bonnet, her hands trembled a little.

“Are you ready? Then, Miss Thelluson, may I say just one word before you go? As a married lady and the mother of a family, speaking to a young — no, not exactly a young, but an unmarried — person, may I ask, is it true what I hear, that you have had a definite offer of marriage from Mr. Morecomb?”

Hannah started indignantly, and then composed herself.

“I do not quite see that the matter concerns anyone but myself and Mr. Morecomb. But since you have heard this, I conclude he has told you. Yes, it is true.”

“And what answer did you give? You may as well tell me: for he will; he is coming here to-morrow.”

Hannah waited a moment. “I have given the only answer I could give — No.”

Lady Rivers sprang from her chair. “Good heavens! Are you mad? My dear Miss Thelluson, I beg your pardon; but really — to refuse such an offer! If Mr. Morecomb had come and asked me for one of my daughters, I would at least have considered the matter. To one in your position, and under present circumstances —”

“Excuse me, Lady Rivers; but I am myself the best judge of my own position and circumstances.”

“So gentlemanly of him, too — so honourable — when he knew, as everybody knows, the way you are being talked about!”

“He did know then —” and Hannah checked herself. “Will you oblige me by telling me what he knew? How am I being talked about?” And she turned her face, white as that of a traveller who walks up to face a supposed ghost by a churchyard wall; shuddering but still fac-

ing it. It may be only a dead tree after all.

“I am very sorry,” said Lady Rivers; and no doubt she was, for she disliked saying unpleasant things, except in a covert way. “It is a most awkward matter to speak about, and I have kept it from the girls as long as possible; but people say in Easterham that it was not for nothing you took part with that unfortunate Grace — Dixon I can’t call her, as she has no right to the name. In fact, I have heard it suggested plainly enough that the reason of Bernard’s not marrying is because, were it not for the law, he would like to marry you.”

Hannah stood silent. All the blood in her heart seemed to stand still too.

“We do not believe it, of course. Neither does Mr. Morecomb. Still it is generally believed at Easterham, — and worse things, too.”

“What worse things? Tell me. I insist upon hearing.”

Hannah spoke, as she had listened, with a desperate calmness; for she felt that at all costs she must get to the bottom of the scandal — must know exactly how much she had to fight against, and whom.

“Miss Thelluson, you are the very oddest person I ever knew. Well, they say that — that — Excuse me, but I really don’t know how to tell you.”

“Then I will tell you; for I heard James Dixon say it, and before my own servants — as of course you know; everybody knows everything in Easterham. They say, these wicked neighbours, that I, a woman not young, not pretty, not attractive in any way, with her dead sister’s memory yet fresh in her heart, and her dead sister’s child in her arms, am living in unlawful relations with that sister’s husband. Lady Rivers, I do not wonder that you shrink from repeating such an atrocious lie.”

The other was a little confounded. She had been so very patronising, so condescendingly kind in her manner, to this poor Miss Thelluson, who now stood and looked at her face to face, as much a lady as herself and ten times more of a woman. Nay, the fire in the grey eyes, the dignity of the figure made Hannah for the moment even a handsome woman, handsome enough to be admired by many a man.

“Pray don’t talk of lies, Miss Thelluson. We object to such an ugly word out of the schoolroom — where, however, your experience must chiefly have lain. This is

what made me resolve to speak to you. You cannot be expected to know the world, nor how important it is for Bernard, as a gentleman and a clergyman, that this gossip should be stopped at once. Of course, I only refer to the nonsense about his wishing to marry you. For the rest, his own character—the character of the family—is enough denial. Still, the thing is unpleasant, very unpleasant, and I don't wonder that Bernard feels it acutely."

Hannah started. "Does he? Did he tell you so?"

"Not exactly; he is a very reserved person, as we all know; but he looks thoroughly wretched. We, his family, see that, though you, a stranger may not. The fact is, he has placed himself, quite against our advice, in a most difficult and painful position, and does not know how to get out of it. You ought to help him; as, most providentially, you have now the means of doing."

Hannah looked up. She was being pricked to death with needles; but still she looked firmly in the face of her adversary, and asked, "How?"

"Do you not see, my dear Miss Thelluson, that every bit of gossip and scandal would necessarily die out, if you married Mr. Morecomb?"

Hannah was but human. For a moment the thought of escape—of flying out of this maze of misery into a quiet home, where a good man's love would at least be hers—presented itself to her mind, tempting her, as many another woman has been tempted, into marriage without love. But immediately her honest soul recoiled.

"Lady Rivers, I would do a great deal for my brother-in-law, who has been very kind to me; but not even for his sake—since you put it so—can I marry Mr. Morecomb. And now"—turning round with sudden heat—"since you have said all you wanted to say, and I have answered it, will you let me go home?"

Home! As she uttered the word, ending thus the conversation as quietly, to all appearance, as it had begun—though she knew it had been all a planned attack, and that the ladies down-stairs were all waiting eagerly to hear the result of it—as she spoke of home, Hannah felt what a farce it was. Had it been a real brother's home, there at least was external protection. So likewise was there in that other home, which, when she had saved enough, she had one day meant to have—some tiny cottage, where by her own conduct a single woman can always protect herself, keep up her own dignity, and carry out, if

ever so humbly, her own independent life. Now, this was lost and the other not gained. As she walked on towards the House on the Hill—that cruel "home" where she and Bernard must live henceforward, as if in a house of glass, exposed to every malicious eye, Hannah felt that somehow or other she had made a terrible mistake. Almost as great a one as that of the poor girl who walked silently by her side, asking no questions—Grace never did ask any—but simply following her mistress with tender, observant, unceasing care.

"Don't let us go through the village," whispered she. "I'll take you round a nearer way, where there are not half so many folk about."

"Very well, Grace; only let us get home quickly. You are not afraid of meeting anybody?"

For Jem Dixon was still at Easterham, she knew, though nothing had been seen of him since that night.

"No, no," sighed Grace; "nobody will trouble me. The master frightened him, I think. My sister told me the master did really speak to the police about him in case he should trouble us while he was away. Look, Miss Thelluson, there he is."

Not Jem Dixon, but Mr. Rivers; yet Hannah instinctively shrank back under the shadow of a high wall, and let him pass her by. She made no explanation to her servant for this; what could she say? And Grace seemed to guess it all without her telling.

It was a bitter humiliation, to say nothing of the pain. As she bade Grace keep close to her, while they hurried along, by narrow alleys and cross cuts, the thought of that happy walk home under the stars, scarcely a fortnight ago, came back to Hannah's mind. Alas! such could never be again. Their halcyon days were done. In her imaginary wickedness, her sinless shame, she almost felt as if she could understand the agony of a real sin—of a woman who loves some other woman's husband, or some man besides her own husband—any of those dreadful stories which she had heard of afar off, but had never seemed to realize. Once, no power of will could put her in the place of these miserable sinners. Now, perhaps, she was as miserable a sinner as any one of them all.

When reaching the gate she saw Mr. Rivers standing there waiting. She drew back as if it were really so—as if it were a sin for him to be watching for her, as he

evidently was, with the kindly tenderness of old.

"Hannah, how could you think of starting off alone? You make me miserable by such vagaries."

He spoke angrily—that fond anger that betrays so much; and when he found he had betrayed it to more than herself, he, too, started.

"I did not know that Grace was with you; that alters the case a little. Grace, take Miss Thelluson's wet cloak off, and tell the servants to come at once to prayers."

He was wise and kind. Hannah recognized that; in spite of the bitter feeling that it should be necessary for him to be wise and kind. She came into his study after all the servants were assembled there; and as she knelt near him, listening to the short service customary on Sunday nights, her spirit grew calmer. No one could hear Bernard Rivers, either in his pulpit, as that morning, or among his little household congregation as now, without an instinctive certainty that he was one of the "pure in heart," who are forever "blessed."

The servants gone, he and she stood by the fire alone. There was a strange look upon both their faces, as if of a storm past or a storm brooding. Since this time last night, when, after her sore confession was wrung from her, Hannah had tottered away out of the room, she and her brother-in-law had never been one minute alone together, nor had exchanged any but the briefest and most commonplace words. They did not now. They just stood one on either side the fire—so near yet so far apart.

A couple that any outside observer would have judged well suited. Both in the prime of life; yet, though he was a little the younger, he did not seem so, more especially of late, since he had grown so worn and anxious looking. Both pleasant to behold, though he had more of actual physical beauty than she; but Hannah had a spiritual charm about her such as few handsome women possess. And both were at that season of life when, though boy and girl fancies are over, the calm, deep love of mature years is at its meridian, and a passion conceived then usually lasts for life. And these two, with every compulsion to love, from within and without, pressing hard upon them—respect, tenderness, habit, familiarity—with no law, natural or divine, forbidding that love, in case it should arise between them, had to stand there, man and woman,

brother and sister so-called, and ignore and suppress it all.

That there was something to be suppressed showed plainly enough. In neither was the free-hearted unconsciousness which, when an accusation is wholly untrue, laughs at it and passes it by. Neither looked towards the other; they stood both gazing wistfully into the fire, until the silence became intolerable. Then Hannah, but without extending her hand as usual, bade him "Good-night."

"Good-night? Why so?"

"I am going up-stairs to look at Rosie."

"I believe if the world were coming to an end in half-an-hour, you would still be 'going up stairs to look at Rosie.'"

The excessive irritability which always came when he was mentally disturbed, and had been heavy upon him in the early time of his sorrow, seemed revived again. He could not help it; and then he was so mournfully contrite for it.

"Oh, forgive me, Hannah! I am growing a perfect bear to you. Come down-stairs again and talk to me. For we must speak out. We cannot go on like this; it will drive me wild. We must come to some conclusion or other. Make haste back, and we will speak together, just as friends, and decide what it shall be."

Alas! what could it be? Every side she looked, Hannah saw no path out of the maze. Not even when, seeing that Grace sat reading her Bible by the nursery fire—Grace was a gentle, earnest Methodist, very religious in her own fashion—she sat down beside her living Bible, her visible revelation of Him who was once, like Rosie, a Christmas child, and tried to think the matter quietly out, to prepare herself humbly for being led, not in her own way, but in God's way. The more, as it was not her own happiness she sought, but that of those two committed to her charge in so strange a manner—the man being almost as helpless and as dependent upon her as the child. For she had not lived with Bernard thus long without discovering all his weaknesses; which were the very points upon which she knew herself most strong. When he called, as he did twenty times a day, "Hannah, help me!" she was fully conscious that she did and could help him better than any one else. Did she like him the less for this? Most women—especially those who have the motherly instinct strongly developed—will find no difficulty in answering the question.

How peaceful the nursery was — so warm, and safe, and still. Not a sound but the clock ticking on the chimney-piece, and the wind murmuring outside, and the soft breathing out of that darkened corner, where, snuggled down under the bed-clothes, with the round little head and its circle of bright hair just peeping above, "Tannie's wee dormouse," as she sometimes called her, slept her sound, innocent sleep.

Aunt Hannah bent over her darling with a wild constriction of the heart. What if the "conclusion" to which Mr. Rivers said they must come to-night implied her going away — leaving Rosie behind? The thought was too much to bear.

"I will not — I will not! God gave me the child, God only shall take her from me!"

And rushing to her own room, she vainly tried to compose herself before appearing in Rosie's father's sight. In vain. His quick eye detected at once that she had been crying; he said so, and then her tears burst out afresh.

"I am so miserable — so miserable! Don't send me away — don't take Rosie from me. I can bear anything but that. It would break my heart if I had to part from my child!"

He answered calmly — was it also a little coldly? —

"Don't distress yourself, Hannah; I had no thought of taking Rosie from you. I promised you she should be all your own, and I mean to keep my word."

"Thank you."

She dried her tears, though she was, indeed, strangely excited still; and they sat down for that serious talk together, which was to have — who knew what end?

The beginning was not easy, though Bernard did begin at once.

"I shall not detain you long, though it is still early. But I must have a few words with you. First, to apologize for a question I put to you last night, which I now feel was intrusive and wrong."

Which question — that about Mr. Morecomb or the final one, which she answered with such sore truthfulness — he did not say, and she did not inquire.

Bernard continued —

"Let us put that matter aside, and speak only of our own present affairs. I want you to give me your advice on a point in which a woman is a better judge than any man; especially as it concerns a woman."

A woman? Hannah leaped at once to

the heart of the mystery, if mystery it were. Her only course was to solve it without delay.

"Is it your possible marriage?"

"It is. Not my love, understand; only my marriage."

They were silent — he watching her keenly. Hannah felt it, and set her face like a stone. She seemed, indeed, growing into stone.

"My family — as they may have told you, for they tell it to all Easterham — are most anxious I should marry. They have even been so kind as to name to me the lady, whom, as we both know her, I will not name, except to say that she is very young, very pretty, very rich; fulfils all conditions they desire for me, not one of which I desire for myself. Also, they tell me — though I scarcely believe this — that if I asked her, she would not refuse me."

"You have not asked her then?"

"If I had, there would be little need for the questions I wished to put to you. First, what is your feeling about second marriages?"

"I thought you knew it. I must surely have said it to you some time?"

"You never have; say it, then."

Why should she not? Nothing tied her tongue now. The end she had once hoped for, then doubted, then feared, was evidently at hand. He was after all going to marry. In a totally unexpected way, her path was being made plain.

Hannah was not a girl, and her self-control was great. Besides, she had suffered so much of late, that even the very fact of an end to the suffering was relief. So she spoke out as if she were not herself, but somebody else, standing quite apart from poor Hannah Thelluson — to whom it had been the will of God that no love-bliss should ever come.

"I think, with women, second marriages are a doubtful good. If the first one has been happy, we desire no other — we can cherish a memory and sit beside a grave to the last; if unhappy, we dread renewing our unhappiness. Besides, children so fill up a woman's heart, that the idea of giving her little ones a second father would be to most women very painful, nay, intolerable. But with men it is quite different. I have said to Lady Rivers many a time, that from the first day I came it was my most earnest wish you should find some suitable wife, marry her, and be happy — as happy as you were with my sister."

"Thank you."

That dreadful formality of his — for-

mality and bitterness combined! And Hannah knew his manner so well; knew every change in his face—a very tell-tale face; Bernard was none of your reserved heroes who are always “wearing a mask.”

Her heart yearned over him. Alas! she had spoken truly when she said it was not buried in Arthur's grave. It was quick and living—full of all human affections and human longings still.

“Then, sister Hannah, I have your full consent to my marriage? A mere *mariage de convenance*, as I told you. Not like my first one—ah, my poor Rosa, she loved me! No woman will ever love me so well.”

Hannah was silent.

“Do you think it would be a wrong to Rosa, my marrying again?”

“Not if you loved again. Men do.”

“And not women? Did you mean that?”

“I hardly know what I mean, or what I say,” cried Hannah piteously. “It is all so strange, so bewildered. Tell me exactly how the thing stands in plain words, and let me go.”

“I will let you go; I will trouble you no more about myself or my affairs. You do not care for me, Hannah, you only care for the child. But this is natural—quite natural. I was a fool to expect any more.”

Strange words for a man to say to a woman, under any other feeling than one. Hannah began to tremble violently.

“What could you expect more?” she faltered. “Have I not done my duty to you—my sisterly duty?”

“We are *not* brother and sister, and we lie—we lie to our own souls—in calling ourselves so.”

He spoke passionately; he seized her hand, then begged her pardon; suddenly, went back to his own place, and continued the conversation.

“We are neither of us young, Hannah—not boy and girl anyhow—and we have been close friends for a long time. Let us speak openly together, just as if we were two departed souls looking out of Paradise at ourselves, our old selves—as our Rosa may be looking now.”

Our Rosa! It went to Hannah's heart. The tenderness of the man, the unforgetfulness! Ah, if men knew how women prize a man who does not forget! “Yes,” she repeated softly, “our Rosa.”

“Oh, that it were she who was judging us, not these!”

“Not who?”

“The Moat-House—the village—every-

body. It is vain for us to shut our eyes, or our lips either. Hannah, this is a cruel crisis for you and me. People are talking of us on every hand; taking away our good name even. James Dixon's is not the only wicked tongue in the world. It is terrible, is it not?”

“No,” she said, after a moment's hesitation. “At least, not so terrible but that I can bear it.”

“Can you? Then I ought too. And yet I feel so weak. You have no idea what I have suffered of late. Within and without, nothing but suffering; till I have thought the only thing to do was to obey my family's wish, and marry. But whether I marry or not, the thing seems plain—we cannot go on living as we have done. For your sake as well as my own—for they tell me I am compromising you cruelly—we must make some change. Oh, Hannah! what have I said, what have I done?”

For she had risen up, the drooping softness of her attitude and face quite gone.

“I understand you. You need not explain further. You wish me to leave you. So I will; to-morrow if you choose; only I must take the child with me. I will have the child!” she continued in a low desperate voice. “Do what you like, marry whom you like, but the child is mine. Her own father shall not take her from me.”

“He has no wish. Her unfortunate father!”

And never since his first days of desolation had Hannah seen on Bernard's countenance such an expression of utter despair.

“You shall settle it all,” he said, “you who are so prudent, and wise, and calm. Think for me, and decide.”

“What am I to think or decide?” And Hannah vainly struggled after the calmness he imputed to her. “How can I put myself in your place, and know what you would wish?”

“What I would *wish*! Oh, Hannah! is it possible you do not guess?”

She must have been deaf and blind not to have guessed. Dumb she was—dumb as death—while Bernard went on, speaking with excited rapidity.

“When a man's wish is as hopeless and unattainable as a child's for the moon, he had better not utter it. I have long thought this. I think so still. Happy in this world I can never be; but what would make me least unhappy would be to go on living as we do, you and Rosie and I, if such a thing were possible.”

“Is it impossible?” For with this

dumbness of death had come over Hannah also the peace of death—as if the struggle of living were over, and she had passed into another world. She knew Bernard loved her, though they could never be married, no more than the angels. Still, he loved her. She was content. "Is it impossible?" she repeated, in her grave, tender, soothing voice. "Evil tongues would die out in time—the innocent are always stronger than the wicked. And our great safeguard against them is such a life as yours has been. You can have almost no enemies."

"Ah!" replied he mournfully, "but in this case a man's foes are they of his own household. My people—there is no fighting against them. What do you think—I am talking to you, Hannah, as if you were not yourself, but some other person—what do you think my stepmother said to me to-night? That unless you married Mr. Morecomb, or I Ellen Melville (there, her name is out, but no matter)—unless either of these two things happened, or I did the other wicked, heart-breaking thing of turning you out of my doors, she would never admit you again into hers. That, in fact, to-night is the last time you will be received at the Moat-House."

Hannah's pride rose. "So be it. I am not aware that that would be such a terrible misfortune."

"You unworldly woman, you do not know! Oh, forgive me, forgive me,

Hannah; I am forgetting all you must feel. I am speaking to you as if you were my conscience—my very own soul—which you are."

The love that glowed in his eyes, the emotion that trembled in his voice! Hannah was not a young woman, nor, naturally, a passionate woman, but she would have been a stone not to be moved now. She sat down, hiding her face in her hands.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" she sobbed. "When we might have been so happy—we and our child!"

Bernard left his seat, and came closer to hers. His breath was loud and fast, and his hands as he took Hannah's—grasping them so tight that she could not unloose them, though she faintly tried—were shaking much.

"Tell me—I never believed it possible till now, I thought you so calm and cold, and you knew all my faults, and I have been harsh to you often—only too often!—but, Hannah, if such a thing could be, if the law allowed it—man's law, for God's is on our side—if we could have been married, would you have married me?"

"Yes," she answered, putting both her hands on his shoulders, and looking at him with a sad solemnity, as of those who take farewell for life; "yes, I would!"

Then, before he had time to answer, Hannah was gone.

A REPORT has been sent in by the Governor of the Province of Leon in Ecuador as to the condition of the volcanic region of Cotopaxi in his province. He states that the principal mountains which stand forth in the great circle formed by the two branches of the Andes are Cotopaxi, Quillindana, Puchalagua, and the Calpon. Of these Cotopaxi alone is known as a volcano, which after many years of inaction became active in June 1851. These eruptions continued and became gradually weaker until 1867, when they ceased. In 1868 subterranean noises were again heard, and a slender column of smoke appeared. In May 1868 there were some earthquakes, which ruined Palate and Pelileo. In July 1869 noises were again heard and an awful flood took place, but without earthquakes and subterranean noises. Abun-

dant fountains of water burst forth, hundreds of immense rocks were rent and thrown down, and the rivers were flooded. The Governor, who was at the time in the Cordillera, considers that the landslides were not owing to the action of the water, but rather to a pressure upward from below, as if from accumulated gases seeking an exit. The most curious effect reported by him is a variation in the climate. Many plants, such as the sura, flowered, which had not done so before. After this premature ripening the surales all closed up again and have not revived. After this event it was noticed the sugar cane could be cut in twenty-four months instead of thirty. At present Cotopaxi is inactive, but its condition is looked upon with dread.

From The Contemporary Review.
ON A FUTURE STATE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE PROFESSOR GROTE.

WHEN we speak of the glorification of the body in a future state, it is well we should think also of the glorification of the mind.

Independently of anything that may happen to the earthly body after death, life itself, with its troubles and accidents, pretty well consumes it and wears it to pieces *before* that, so that there would be little left to represent and show, in a future state, what it was, and that little of such a kind that the recognition of it could scarcely be other than painful. The glorification of the body must be a reproduction of it in its *particular* ideal, *i. e.*, in such perfection of it as its individual nature and constitution admit of. We can form but little notion what kind of thing this; still, it is what we are continually endeavouring, for one and another, to form a notion of; art, the art of the portrait-painter, sculptor, &c., is eminently concerned with it; the poet does what he can to describe it.

But of more importance than the glorification of the body is that of the mind. The mind must be reawakened in its particular ideal or individual perfection (not *moral* perfection, or perfection of *attainment*, but perfection of *integrity*), and I think we may suppose this will take place whatever have been the life and conduct here.

The remodelled body must bear traces of its earthly history, though to what extent and in what manner we cannot say. The marks of its accidents, sicknesses, honourable injuries, must remain exhibited in some manner, as they remain in the remembrance, or else the remodelled body would not speak true; still they must remain in such a manner as to be consistent with the ideal or perfection described above.

And so for the mind. The reawakened mind will be a revival of the native inward man, yet not such as if he had never lived. The important marks of past life must all be faithfully and truly on it; and yet it will not, any more than the body, be merely such as the man *left off* to be, but such as he *began* to be, with the marks of all that has happened since; these marks not standing in the way of another life, another development of that first and native being, though that which they represent will live in its consciousness and be absorbed into it,

causing feelings of whatever kind in the new and reawakened life.

The popular notions that at the day of judgment the past life of each shall be exhibited before men and angels, do not seem to be either morally valuable, or likely, as far as we can judge, to be literally true. In that other world those who feel rightly will have no wish for, and take no pleasure in, the concealment of anything about themselves, and would feel nothing but pain at the revelation of the sins and weaknesses of others. Who then, at this great audit, will be the spectators of whom we are to be ashamed? Such spectatorship, unsympathizing and prepared for a merely human and curious interest, for triumph and contempt, belongs to earth, not to the future.

But the future world cannot be a world of disguises; none will wish it, even if for their part they could make it so. And what will make such undisguisedness both possible and not painful is, that it will be a world of sympathizing interest. Minds, it cannot be doubted, must there see into each other, far more than they do here; but they will have no desire and no care to do so in such a manner as to give pain; each will have his own burden to bear, and will only be concerned with those of others in so far as there may be a possibility of lightening them.

Let us suppose then minds reawakened in a future state in their ideal such as I have described them, whether on earth they may have been among the good or among the bad, and *now* with this great difference from what they were on earth, that they see and feel things rightly, or as the things truly are.

Suppose then (what would be the natural result of this), that all the ill and wrong done on earth is felt in its true character of injury, of unkindness to those looking to us for kindness, of unfaithfulness to those trusting us—if we are to be still the same beings, there must necessarily be, in another world, a real regret and remorse of such a kind that no happiness can be felt without some effort at undoing the past, in so far as after kindness can undo former unkindness. There are those whom we must desire to meet in another world, because we have failed in what we have done to them or about them here. In that world forgiveness will not be difficult to gain, but that forgiveness which we shall wish for perhaps may; we shall want to be replaced,

not only actually, but deservedly, in that position with the injured which our past conduct has forfeited: we shall want to be loved again. *This is a world of ready self-excuse within and of punishment from without; that will be a world of self-punishment within and of ready forgiveness from without, far readier than from ourselves to ourselves.* How different will all that we have done here seem from what it seemed before, and how we shall wonder that it could ever have seemed otherwise! When the benefactor and the ungrateful, the friend and the betrayer of friendship, the hater and the causelessly hated, meet *there*, may we not imagine the scene will be, not of reversal and triumph, not of mere punishment and mere recompense, but of startling surprise, remorse, and horror on the one side, and of strange, unexpected pity, forgiveness, something even perhaps of sympathy, on the other?

If there is any meaning in what one after another philosopher has written, as to the wicked or wrong-doer being under a delusion, "knowing not what he does" (which was the description given of the greatest crime which the world has seen by One who was the sufferer under it, and who could not be mistaken), then the difference in this respect in another world will be, that there the eyes of each will be opened to understand what it is that he has done. Others, so far as they think of and attend to it, will understand it too. But there is not likely to be much of condemnation. For each, in cases where he least thought of it, will find views of past wrong awakening up in *himself*. His feeling will be deep sorrow for himself that this should have been, and earnest desire to do anything if possible now to make it as though it had not been; to set himself right even now with those he has neglected and wronged: he will only sympathize with others in their earnestness for the same. When none sets up himself against others, when there is no self-interest to be provided for, and pride is overthrown, all indignation against others for their past faults, now bitterly repented of, will cease; all contempt for their weakness will have vanished in company with pride; the thought will be, In how many ways would it have been better for all of us that we had been other than we were? how came so much of failure and going wrong? how could we so far misunderstand each other, think so hardly of each other, so much mislead each other, tempt and provoke one the other into sin? Now that the smoke of the battle of life is cleared away

and the passions which animated it have subsided, what a scene it appears of confusion, of miscalculation, of faithless hesitation, of wild madness!

Yet, after all, this supposed view backwards from another world to this is not what could take place *in this*, and the regret and repentance will not be despair. We are supposing action *done*; now it is *in doing*, and not only we but all around us are acting: we have not, and ought not to have, the independent leisure to look at things *here now* with a look anticipative of that which may be cast back from a future world upon them. *Now* the oppressor is not repentant and self-convicted, but is at his hateful business; and it is not sympathy with his wretchedness (wretchedness so much the greater the less it is felt to be such), but indignation at his wickedness, which we must feel about him. Now he and we are, or ought to be, engaged on opposite sides, and our pity for the sufferer, if it is to do its proper work and prevent the continuance of the suffering, will be so powerful and absorbing, that it will not leave us calm and leisure for the greater pity which, in another world, we shall feel for him who is now loading himself with all that crime, the dreadfulness of which that other world, too late, will reveal to him. This is a world of necessary passion, because of the evil and wrong which, as a matter of fact, there are in it; and of necessary passion of various kinds, because it is in the balancing of them, and the restraining one by means of another, that reason must exert itself: such a world is not so much for calmness and coolness, as for rightness of sensibility and fervour. For even as to ourselves, we want this fervour; in the unavoidable variety of impulse, and the necessary eagerness of action, we are ourselves, we may say, more than one—different people at different times—and what we call conscience is our feeling of moral indignation turned with full face inwards upon ourselves. We could not so turn it, if we had it not in the case of others.

The future life is at once another life and continuance of this, and we must keep in mind that it is both; if we do not, there are two mistakes which we may run into. If we think of it *only* as another life, this may lead us to attribute either on the one side too little, or on the other too much, importance to this—to despair of this life, or to be wrongly and unwisely anxious in it. We must not too much consider, either that the future life may

repair the faults and mistakes of this, or that it merely follows as an appendix to this. We must not look at the future life as merely a place of reward and punishment for what has been done here. To do so would be to make *this* the primary and important life, *that* the secondary and dependent. According to what we have done here shall we receive there; according to what we have been here shall we be there. But *there* is home, *here* is journey; there the permanent, here the fleeting; there the main or real being, here the rudiment, the embryo, the preparatory fragment, in which everything indeed is of infinite importance, and misgrowth in which may have sad consequences, reaching further than thought can foretell, but yet in which all is in a measure prophecy and presumption, about which we must think with faith, hope, and caution. The future life is before us in all its dimly-seen vastness; we know that *there* is immortality, but the candle of revelation shows us distinctly no more than is necessary for our conduct here. In what sense anything that is done here is irremediable and irrevocable, is more than we can say.

On the other hand, there may be some who are disposed to attribute too little importance to this life; they seem to say to themselves—Such a weakness, or vicious habit, or liability to wrong feelings, is a part of myself as I am here; the getting rid of it, however I may try, is quite impossible as I am; all I can do here is to long for freedom from it; the baptism of death must free me from it, and then I trust I shall be different; here I can guard against the indulgence of it, but I cannot, do what I would, uproot the evil itself.

This is well; but any such need to consider that they do really deal truly with themselves *here* in their warfare with the wrong thus besetting them; in that case they may perhaps fairly say what they do. But if any portion of their moral selves is to be left behind them in the grave, it must surely be only so much as—so far as the mind and spirit are concerned—may be said to be already conquered because so ardently hated, but which through habit is rooted so in the being and frame that it cannot be got rid of, but will recur. We may hope for a morally transformed mind in *these* respects, but a transformation which went further than this would be not a glorification but a falsification of the mind and frame as they were here. To the end of it, therefore,

this life remains, a thing to be made the best of morally in view of eternity, not a thing to be given up as hopeless in expectation of something better there. We must not say—I meant to be good and virtuous if I could; I have failed: it is now too late to make this life what it should have been; I must hope the best for another. If it is too late to make this life what it should have been, we must make the best which can be made of it now; and only on that condition have we a right to hope for anything in a future one.

In respect of this life being looked upon in *too* important a light as compared with a future one, it is evident that there is something to be said, though we must take care not to say too much. Such feeling may lead to wrong views about this life, somewhat akin to, and quite as dangerous as, that sort of despair of moral success in it which I have just spoken of. And against such feeling and views, various Christian doctrines, independently of their dogmatic truth, are of great moral value. Such a doctrine is that of salvation being after all of the grace and mercy of God, and not by human merit (except where unhappily this doctrine is coupled with others which may lead people to the despairing imagination that they are out of the pale of God's grace). The insisting upon the all-importance of what is done in this life in reference to what is to take place in a future one, is that which makes religion of such vast moral value in keeping society together, and in keeping within the bounds of duty those who would otherwise stray. But this must not be carried so far as to lead to the absorption of all faith and trust (the noblest sources of human action always, and beyond all comparison the noblest when they are reposed in God), in anxiety for individual security, certainty, and salvation. Whether this takes a *moral* or an *emotional* form (by which I mean whether it is, on the one side, a feverishness and servility of conscientiousness, or, on the other, a nervous watching after particular feelings), it alike invokes a mistaken notion as to our position in this life in reference to our prospect of another. *That* is what we are created for, not this. *That* is not an after-thought—something made and set before us to keep us in a particular way in this—but it is what we are intended by God to arrive at, and what this is a preparation and apprenticeship for; and while we cannot say that mistake, failure, and error were what were meant

for this world, we may yet say that it was meant they should not hinder final success. There is nothing which the analogy of any great pursuit or enterprise of any kind would more strongly suggest to us than that we may defeat God's purposes for us by our own over-anxiety and fearfulness about the particular steps which we have to take in them. We must walk in sincerity and simpleness of purpose, and then walk in *faith*.

Wrong that is done upon earth is done for the most part against some one or in respect of some one of our fellow-men, and it not only leaves a sting with the injured man himself, but also excites a feeling of moral indignation in other men, spectators and sympathizers. When we think of God's judgment of us, we combine in thought these two human feelings with another, belonging to Himself alone. God is injured in each one of his creatures; He sympathizes with (and has compassion on) all, and the moral indignation which the spectator feels He feels with tenfold force; He is again our Creator, Benefactor, and Master, and whatever we do against our duty to him and against his law is an injury to Him. Our offence, therefore, is in *all* particulars against Him, and from Him we have to beg forgiveness; and forgiveness, not as we might beg it from a master who can be flattered or cajoled by servility: forgiveness with Him is the change of His feeling towards us. We can only expect it (and shall be unworthy if we wish to have it otherwise) by such change of feeling and conduct on our part as would, if circumstances allowed it, put us into a different position with the injured man, and the sympathizing spectators, as well as with God in his character of our Benefactor and Master. The thought of sin being against God is not intended to swallow up the thought of its being against more really injurable, more suffering-sensible men, and of the cause of complaint which *they* have against us. God takes this to Himself, and represents not only Himself but *them*. And so must we consider Him.

When then we ask God to forgive us, our prayer is a sign before Him of our own repentance and change of feeling, and it is an expression of our earnest desire that He would make, so far as may be, that which we deplore as if it had not been; that He would take us again into his favour; that He would undo the ill consequences (unforseeable by us) of what we have done; that as He makes the grief disappear from us, so He would do

away the injury or harm in those who have suffered by us; that He would make such sufferers now feel kindly to us, as so far deserving this, that we are sorry for what we have done. So far as all this is done, inasmuch as such renewal of kindness of feeling is by the nature of it, if different, yet possibly even stronger than the original, not only the grief, but the actual stain which is the cause of it, may vanish from our spirit, and *this* is God's forgiveness.

It is not the place here to inquire into the *manner* in which, by the death of Christ, God showed how He took all sins upon Himself, made Himself, so to call it, the great sufferer of all wrong that had been done, in order that He might have a right to forgive it *in that character*, as well as in His character of Sovereign Lord of all; that as He had always been and promised to be the redresser of wrong to those who had suffered, He might also be the pardoner of wrong to those who had done; and His Incarnate Son, by voluntarily suffering the worst wrong that could be done to Him, and, in the suffering, pardoning it, might set an example which each, for his small wrongs, would be ashamed not to follow. All this gives us, we may say, one aspect out of the many in which the great atonement should be viewed. Christ in his death is at once the pledge of the completeness of God's pardon, and the universal Reconciler of all immortal men.

And in the future world, as compared with this, we may suppose the presence of God will be, as in our material world is the bright sunshine compared with the dim twilight. The sun, the more bright, and glorious, and gladdening, and life-elevating it is, is not necessarily on that account the only thing to be looked at and thought of; it is seen in the light it gives, and thought of for the delight which it gives. So even in another world may it be with God; the clearer we see Him, the better and the more rightly may we see and know all *besides* Him, all his creatures, and all that He has made. We have no reason to think that our fellow-beings will be less interesting to us, or less cared for by us, there than here. It is the nearer presence and the clearer view of Him which will be the source of the truer understanding of, and better sympathy with, them.

Death may seem in prospect grievous to us, either (1) from the thought of what

we lose by it, and leave here; or (2) from the thought of the strangeness and unfamiliarity of the circumstances in which it must place us, even supposing we do not fear annihilation; or (3) from a fear of some kind of suffering or punishment which our conscience is likely to tell us we deserve.

In respect of (1) and (2) death is a journey, an absence, no *worse* at any rate; and there is no more reason why feelings such as those above-mentioned should distress us, than why feelings of a different kind should make us rejoice at the prospect; feelings such as these — how much there is of our being and circumstances which we are perhaps ashamed of, which

anyhow we should be *glad* to lose and leave; how much more of interest there must be for us to learn in "that undiscovered country," than in any country to which we could travel on earth; to say nothing of Who it is whom, through His mercy to us, we humbly hope to behold there.

With regard to (3), suffering or punishment of some sort, I think, if we are right-minded, we shall hardly more fear than wish for. If, with a frame of mind purified by death, we are to look back on earth and all that has gone wrong in our life here, the thought itself will carry punishment with it, but a punishment not shrunk from.

THE Emperor of Brazil's early rising is not the only claim he possesses to general respect and admiration. He is a man of enlightened views, and his personal influence in his own country has gone far to smooth the difficulties in the way of the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Brazil. He has never concealed his conviction that slavery is an evil to be got rid of with all convenient speed, and has encouraged the manumission of slaves to such an extent that the whole country is committed to the same principle. There is in Brazil none of that organized defence of slavery on moral and religious grounds which gave so much trouble in our own colonies and more recently in the United States. The change will be brought about without the social convulsions and the ominous residuum of bitterness which have accompanied it in America. The fact is that the change itself will not be so violent. It is a little mortifying to the great Anglo-Saxon race to have to remark that the very worst slave-owners and the most obstinate defenders of slavery have been found in that race. The Latin races have ever shown greater sympathy than the Anglo-Saxons with those they hold in subjection. This arises in part from temperament, but also from difference in religion. The form of Christianity in which the mind of the Latin races is steeped retains in some respects more of the original socialistic element of that religion than any other, since the priest has always allowed it to be retained so long as his own authority is quietly submitted to. In exchange for this submission the priest has in all ages stood between master and slave, maintained the equality of the two in the sight of God, and secured certain rights to the oppressed which he could never have retained on mere grounds of humanity. The protection given by the priest's view of

marriage as a sacrament was wanting to the slave of the Anglo-Saxon, and the condition to which he was reduced in this matter was one of the worst features of his bondage. It should not be forgotten in the natural impatience of leading-strings which now powerfully affects the nations in the "foremost files of time," that these same leading-strings have been the only support of the oppressed in half-civilized States, and in none more so than in Brazil, which may fairly be congratulated on the mild aspect of its slavery question and the probable success of the gradual emancipation of its slaves.

Pall Mall.

At Vienna the "Old Catholics," or opponents of the Infallibility dogma, have published a manifesto explaining the reforms which they wish to accomplish. Among the reforms are the following: — That the priests should be elected by their parishioners; that celibacy among the clergy should be abolished, every priest having the right of marrying as during the first ten centuries or Christianity; that auricular confession should be abolished; that Church holidays and processions which take people away from their work should cease; that the adoration of images should be discouraged; and that all deceptions practised by means of relics should be punished by the State. All the bishops in Prussia will shortly meet at Fulda to take into consideration the present condition of Catholicism, and a national Congress of "Old Catholics" will be held at Munich on the 22nd of next month with the same object, and to promote the anti-Infallibility movement.

Pall Mall.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. BRIGHT'S MISGIVINGS.

MRS. DOWNES held the creed that no person who could use his or her wits, ever allowed anything to worry. There were two courses open — either dismiss the subject altogether by the substitution of something pleasant and flattering, or else decide at once on some plan which converts worry itself into a means of gratification.

She only answered Miss Coppock's questions respecting her father by "yes" and "no;" and by the time she reached Park Lane she had determined to try whether Paul still loved her, or if he really cared for his wife.

"There is no harm in it whatever: I could tell Maurice the whole story with the greatest ease if Paul were not an artist, and if it would not bring out things I don't want talked of. I do not mean to encourage Paul; I only mean to amuse myself, and to be satisfied father is mistaken. Maurice always says he dislikes prudery, and he thinks it ill-bred. Of course I'm not going to flirt; that would not suit my position."

A slight triumphant smile curved her lovely lips; she was thinking how utterly needless it was for her to seek any man's admiration; she could never remember the time when she had not known she was beautiful.

"Paul must look at me while he paints, and if he looks — well, I can't help his admiring me. I'm not going to fall in love with him, or any such nonsense; I should be as silly as Patience if I thought of it." She glanced scornfully at Miss Coppock. "I shall let her be present at the next sitting; she'll see her folly then; and, besides, I think it is more what is done, and it will shut her mouth."

Paul came next morning, and Mrs. Downes carefully abstained from addressing her companion; Miss Coppock's name was not spoken in his presence.

Paul Whitmore was amused at this fresh evidence of Patty's fine ladyism; but he never suspected the plain, gaunt woman, who watched him so intently, to be an ancient acquaintance of Patty's Ashton days; he looked on the companion as a total stranger; and as Mrs. Downes was careful to avoid any mention of Nuna, there was no chance of a recurrence to old times.

The picture progressed marvellously this morning; yet Paul went home irrita-

ble, and disposed to find fault with himself and everyone else.

Patty was happy then, after all, with that dolt of a husband. She had actually smiled when she said Mr. Downes was satisfied with the picture.

"As if I care what he thinks or says! She must love him; she's much too clever to value his opinion a straw — unless Love has made the fool of her that he makes of the most sensible women after marriage. I suppose it's all right; but a married woman in love with her husband is fifty times more foolish than when she's a girl. I've heard that married happiness is bad for the intellect." He went on presently — "I suppose that's why I'm such a consummate ass as to plague myself with all this trash. And yet I don't feel over happy just now, any way."

He was vexed with himself; and he hurried home, determined to be pleased with Nuna; but when he reached the studio, he gave a sigh of relief that she was not at home.

He remembered that she had settled to go out shopping with Mrs. Bright, and would not be back till tea-time.

"I shall stay in till she comes."

He took up a book lying on the table, but it was one he had had with him at Ashton; and by that strange power of localization which haunts inanimate objects, its very cover took him back to Carving's Wood Lane, and Patty — Patty, as he had seen her blushing under her sun-bonnet in the honey-suckle porch — Patty, as he had thought her, guileless and loving.

What a blissful dream that had been! Had he felt anything like its intensity, its intoxication of happiness?

By some process which he made no effort to check, thought took him through the months and weeks of his married life. Just now he had said, great happiness was fatal to intellectual power. Had he been so happy? was he always quite content, quite satisfied? He clasped his hands over his eyes and then he got up and went to his easel, and began to scrape a half-finished study with a knife.

"If I'm not happy, I ought to be." He turned resolutely from the whisper which had made itself heard when he clasped his head so firmly just now. The whisper had said that intense happiness, even if it were not lasting, was preferable to a tranquil, contented state of life.

"And I thought this was flesh — good flesh when I did it. By Jove, how those sittings have improved me!"

He pushed the offending canvas away, and stood thinking of Patty again.

"It's first-rate study to paint her," he said. But he felt more restless still. He began to think that if he stayed till Nuna came in, he should be cross or sulky, and damp the enjoyment she would be full of.

"She will expect me to enter into all she has been doing with that old noodle, and I can't. I feel bored by anything relating to those Brights; and I know what I can be when I'm thoroughly savage. Nuna doesn't, and there's no need she ever should."

He sighed. Just then it seemed to him as if his wife knew very little indeed of his real self; but he checked the thought.

"I've got a headache, and I'm out of sorts: I'll go down to those two fellows again and see what they are at."

Nuna came home earlier than he had expected, and her heart sank when she found she had missed Paul; but she kept a smiling face before Mrs. Bright.

"Dear me! I *am* disappointed not to see your husband; but never mind, dear; we can have a longer chat. You won't forget my two messages to him, will you. Nuna dear, about getting rid of the smell of paint, — it is horrid, isn't it? I wonder you're not bilious, — and about coming to see us? I've set my heart upon it. You don't look at all as you ought. I'm sure it's the nasty paint; and, besides other things, there is such a thing as stiff-neckedness, my dear. I don't mean rheumatic, you know" — for Nuna had begun to smile — "you're too young for that; I mean your father's wife. I don't defend him; don't think it, my love. Only suppose I'd gone and set up a stepfather over Will! There's one thing, Will would have held his own against any stepfather; but I wouldn't let this estrangement go on if I were you; and you'd shut Mrs. Beaufort's mouth, too, which would be best on all accounts."

Nuna grew crimson.

"I don't want to stop Mrs. Beaufort; she can't say anything against me."

"Ah! my dear; don't now! I am sorry I said a word; it's nothing against you, of course, only she sneers at artists, and speaks of you as 'poor Nuna,' and as if you had quite fallen in position; of course, dear — now don't excite yourself, there's a dear creature, don't;" and Mrs. Bright's plump hands stretched out towards the flushed face and frowning eyes. "We who know Mr. Whitmore don't pay any heed, of course, not likely, but its just —"

Nuna could hold herself in no longer; she got up with flashing eyes.

"And you expect me to make friends with a woman who speaks against Paul! I'm glad you have told me; if ever I do go to see you, it shall only be on the condition that Elizabeth never sets foot in your house while I am there. She is a wicked, false woman — I feel wicked when I think of her." The quick impulsive anger was spent already; the tender heart suffered for the pain on Mrs. Bright's face. "Don't let us quarrel about her, my dear, kind friend."

She kissed and hugged Mrs. Bright impetuously, and the talk ended; but still her visitor was not satisfied. She could no longer believe Mrs. Beaufort's insinuations as to Nuna's want of affection. She had never seen her so warmly demonstrative as she had proved during their visit to London; but there was something unheard of in a woman refusing to sanction her own father's marriage. Mrs. Bright went back to Gray's Farm more anxious, in some ways, about Nuna's future than when she left it.

"I hope Nuna won't come to harm." The good, plump, easy-natured woman sat thinking it all out when she got back to the quiet of her home; thought, she averred, being impossible in London: there was only time there to see, and to eat, drink, and sleep; and far too little for the last, which in Mrs. Bright's estimation was the chief necessary of life. "But anything unusual must be wrong; and it is such a pity to be unlike other people, especially in a woman: it's my belief women are always safest when they copy somebody else — Eve couldn't, of course; there was no pattern to follow, and I expect that's why she got into mischief."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A DISCUSSION.

NUNA had not borne with her old friend's silliness; she had peremptorily stopped any further outpouring on the hateful topic of Mrs. Beaufort: but silly words have often as much root in them as those which are wiser; they grow in memory as rank weeds grow on a dry, stony roadside heap. They were to be despised so far as they touched herself. She cared little for society, and she had as much as she wanted; — a few tried friends among her husband's acquaintances would have been glad to see her more frequently; but she shrank from invitations.

"I don't get half as much as I want of

Paul now," she thought; "and if we go out often, we shall get farther and farther apart."

The Brights had departed a fortnight, and Nuna thought something in their visit must have vexed her husband, he had grown so very silent.

"Are you painting anything specially interesting now?" she said to Paul.

They were sitting at breakfast.

Paul flushed, frowned, and turned over his newspaper quickly, as if he were eager for the next column.

"Generally, I know what you are doing," she said, "but you have not told me anything these three weeks."

"That was all very well while it was new to you; but it would be nonsense to go on with it; what possible interest can you take in the mere painting of portraits?"

He spoke coldly; he did not even look at her, and tears were in Nuna's eyes in an instant.

"Oh, Paul! as if everything you do is not interesting to me. You are painting a portrait, then?"

She made her voice cheerful; she saw that at her first words he had plunged yet more deeply into his paper. Nuna would have liked at that moment to have made a bonfire of all the newspapers in London.

"Yes." Paul had not been reading; he had been thinking how he could best stop his wife's inquiries without giving her pain—he looked at her and smiled. "You are sure to hear about work that is interesting; but don't ask questions about portraits, there's a dear girl,—they are distasteful enough to paint."

"Ah," said Nuna simply, "you poor darling, and you are sacrificed and have to paint them just because you married a wife who hadn't any money!"

She went round to her husband and kissed him, and, glad of the excuse for standing there with her arms round his neck, she bent down over his shoulder and looked at the paper.

"What are you reading, darling? Why, here are nothing but ships for Melbourne and all sorts of far-off places!—why, Paul!"

She looked laughingly in his face.

Paul was vexed: it came into his head that Nuna was watching him; and he felt that he had looked conscious when he said he disliked portrait painting.

"I shan't have time to read anything if you tease me," he said gravely; "you have not read your letter yet."

Nuna went away at once. She was trying not to be vexed by Paul's manner—a manner which, it seemed to her, grew more and more chill and indifferent.

"It's only from Mrs. Bright;" but she sat down and read her letter.

"Oh, Paul!"—her face was full of delight.

Paul had got interested at last in a corner of the paper which he was ashamed of looking at. He was in the midst of a description of a dinner and ball in Park Lane, given by Mrs. Downes the night before. He read the list of distinguished names; among them were some artists of various kinds.

"She might have asked me." There was an angry glow in his eyes as he looked up at Nuna.

"Well, what?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon for interrupting you again, but here's an invitation for Gray's Farm, to go down on Saturday and stay as long as we can."

"Well, you had better go," said Paul; "it will do you good."

"But you'll go too, dearest?" She could not believe that Paul could wish her to go away and leave him alone.

"Me—fancy my leaving town just when I'm so busy! I don't know how to get daylight enough! besides, I want to go away myself on Saturday."

Then let me go with you instead," said Nuna beseechingly. "I would much rather go away alone with you, than be at Gray's Farm together even."

"Well, I can't exactly. Pritchard's coming back, I hear—you need not look miserable, Nuna—he's not coming to London, he's going to Scotland; and some of us have settled to go down and meet him at Harwich, and hear what he's been doing all this time."

"But don't artists' wives ever go about with their husbands?" Nuna felt very miserable in spite of all her efforts to the contrary.

"Sometimes, of course; but I don't fancy you would care to be the only woman of the party. If it were only Pritchard, it would be different; but there are some fellows going I should not like you to know—you would not understand each other at all."

"Oh!" she wondered why Paul should care to associate with companions he could not introduce to his wife—she only said, "How long shall you be away?"

"A day or two; I shall be back long before you come home." Something in her face pricked his conscience. "I'm so

glad you should have this change, my darling."

"Oh, Paul!"—she was thrown off her balance by his unusual tenderness; "you don't suppose I'm going there without you; what pleasure could I find away from you?"

"You'd much better go," but he kissed her and told her she was a dear little goose, and that when she got down to Gray's Farm she would be as blithe as a bird.

And then he hurried off to Park Lane.

Patty sat to him every day now, and he had grown to feel a restless impatience till the time for the sitting came. He hardly knew why this was; he was not in love again with Mrs. Downes; he had never said a word to her which he would not have said to any others of his sitters; but she had become to him like a story, and each day he seemed to turn over some yet more interesting page.

"She is unhappy, I am sure of it," he said to himself, "and yet she never complains. I expect that fellow Downes is a fastidious, carping idiot; those small-minded men are always tyrants; she's too good for him by half."

Too good for him! At first, fresh from a purer, more natural atmosphere, Paul Whitmore had gone away disgusted with what seemed to him Patty's deceit and artificial character. He told himself that she had the power of being exactly that which she thought most sure to please the human being she had resolved to fascinate; he acknowledged her power, but he shrank from it, and, as we know, he resolved not to see her again.

People write and often realize in their intercourse with other people, that scales fall from their eyes; that in an hour, it may be in an instant, a sudden revelation will come by means of a word or a look—a revelation which will dethrone an idol and destroy an implicit trust. And this case is enacted inversely only by a different process; just as the enchantress bound Thalaba, not by one firm chain, but by a continuous, unnumbered succession of silken threads, so will persons, and things too, from which at the outset there has been an instinctive shrinking, become even attractive when keen perceptive powers have become deadened by the familiarity of constant sight or use. In Paul Whitmore's case this deadening had not been left only to mere negative influence; Patty had first studied him with all her skill, sharpened by the keenness with which jealousy aids a woman's insight, and then

she had thrown herself at once into the character which, according to her conception of it, must surely fascinate Paul. She was gentle, often silent, with a pensiveness bordering on melancholy; and then she would sparkle into one of those glimpses of smiling sunshine which brought back to him a vision of the honeysuckle porch in the lane. And after the first, Patty was not a conscious deceiver during the long interviews between them. To her, acting was more natural than simplicity; she was carried away by her part and by the interest she found in it.

She did not often surprise admiration in those long, all-embracing glances that seemed to come direct from the artist's soul; but when she did surprise it, was it not something quite different to Maurice's incessant, complacent satisfaction?

"The very approval of a man like Paul," she thought, "makes one prouder of oneself; what does one care for praise when those who give it don't know the real value of what they are admiring?"

And yet it is possible that if Mrs. Downes had felt as sure of Paul Whitmore's admiration as she did of her husband's, their position in her eyes would have been reversed.

Lately, the sittings had become less interesting to her than they were to the artist. She had been presented; she was already talked about as beautiful; and she was impatient to see her picture framed, and to enjoy the homage paid to the loveliness it represented. It had taught her to set a yet higher value on her beauty; just at present she was very much in love with herself.

With a strange inconsistency she rejoiced when the last sitting came.

"How soon shall we have the picture back framed, and ready to hang up?" she said eagerly.

Paul was looking at her while she spoke, and he became conscious of her supreme vanity. He felt wounded; and then he smiled at himself for being harsh.

"You are glad the whole business is over; I've no doubt it has been a great bore," he said. The smile was on his lips, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, and Patty answered—

"You like me to be glad, don't you, that you have made such a success? you like me, too, to glory in the appreciation others must give to your skill,"—here her eyes drooped; "but you know that is all I rejoice in—no, not quite all." He looked up suddenly; there was the bright, artless glance that had so bewitched him

long ago at Ashton; her voice was so low that no syllable reached even the strained ear of Miss Coppock, as she sat pretending to read at the other end of the room.

"What else, then?" said Paul, forced out of all self-restraint.

"Must I tell? I thought without words you would have known what these hours have been to me,"—she sighed: "but then I forget that sympathy is not as unknown to you as it is to me."

Her blue eyes had tears in them, and she again looked up at Paul.

Miss Coppock could not hear, but she could see; and her eyes told her that Mrs. Downes had said something which confused and agitated Mr. Whitmore.

Patience put down her book, and came close up to the artist, as he stood beside the picture, silent, but with a flush which mounted to his forehead.

"Is it quite finished?" she said; "dear me, how very nice it looks."

Patty never moved, but she could cheerfully have boxed Miss Coppock's ears.

Paul felt suddenly disappointed, as if a draught had been snatched from his lips—yet with a deep hidden away knowledge that the draught was unwholesome. He turned, so as to face Miss Coppock.

"It is not quite finished, but I shall not touch it again till I see it in the frame, and that will not be till Saturday. I am going away for a day or two; I shall look at it with fresh eyes when I come back."

"Miss Coppock, will you be good enough to ask Mr. Downes to come up stairs?"

Patty knew that her husband was out, but she was determined to know, before Paul left her, the impression he had of her.

Miss Coppock went; but the spell over Paul was broken. He smiled when Patty looked at him again, and the flush faded from his face.

"You do not give me up because the picture is finished," she said softly; "you will come and see me sometimes, unless indeed it bores you to come."

"That is not likely;"—and then he looked grave—"but a man who has his way to make in the world has no time for visiting."

Patty's eyes sparkled with anger; she could not understand him; still she said with her most winning sweetness, "Good-bye; I know you will come."

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. PRITCHARD'S ADVICE.

STEPHEN PRITCHARD had not improved in his travels. According to Jeremy Taylor's AGE. VOL. XXII. 1033

lor, much travelling is not likely to raise a man's mind, however much it may widen it. When Paul Whitmore reached Harwich, he found his friend with looser notions than ever about life.

"Either I've grown more strait-laced, old fellow, or else your free-thinking has gone ahead since we parted company."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I have deteriorated. Stop a bit; let us argue the point, as an old aunt of mine has a way of saying when you ask her to lend you money in a hurry. In the first place, as to the body; look at yourself, and then look at me. You are, of course, the best-looking man of the two, inasmuch as you are not blessed with a Roman nose turned upside down, which I take mine to be; and you have black eyes instead of boiled gooseberries under your brows; but I'm speaking of health, sir. You are pale, and thin, and sallow; you look worried to death; whereas my portly visage has grown so smooth and rosy, that Care couldn't drive a furrow across it, if she tried: there's an elasticity of health on it which resists all impressions from without."

"Care comes usually from within." Paul was vexed, and amused at the same time.

"Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming to that, and don't forget also that I've been living under sunny skies, where life is treated more rationally than it is in our breathless little island. I've been enjoying existence abroad—not using life as a machine full of faculties for making the largest possible amount of money in the shortest possible amount of time. Care may come from within, but it won't come of itself; it comes chiefly from the contemplation of some possible or ideal future. Paul, my dear fellow, I gave you all the warning I could, but you wouldn't listen. I'm sorry for you, but you are the very last man who ought to have married."

Paul made no answer. He thought Pritchard was trespassing beyond any right of friendship. He felt sorry their companions had left them to finish the evening together.

They were sitting near the window, and could see lights glittering over the shadowy town, and hear the swell of the waves plashing against the pier.

"Paul,"—Pritchard's voice was as soft as a woman's; it sounded strangely sweet in the dim silence,— "you mustn't get huffed if I speak my mind. I shall look upon you as a youngster when you have a grey beard. Just now I said I hadn't a

care or an anxiety, but I've got them in looking at you. I should like to know what's amiss. I've not seen such trouble in your face since that time when you first came back from Ashton. Stop; I've not done; what I mean is this — marriage is a mistake for such a man as you are; and if you and your wife are not happy together, part at once, and save each other a life's misery."

Paul started up; but Pritchard would be heard out.

"I speak for her sake quite as much as yours. She has a soul that will never be satisfied with any love that does not match hers. Bless you" — he tried to laugh, ashamed of his own earnestness — "I understand women: they're best studied through their eyes — when they are true women, that's to say; but for all that they were never meant to torment a man's life out to satisfy their conceptions of what life ought to be: therefore I say, if a man isn't happy with his wife, it's a far kinder act to separate from her than to break her heart by constant disappointments."

Paul had stood grasping the back of his chair while he listened.

"Unless you mean us to quarrel, Pritchard, you must avoid the subject altogether," — he was deeply offended, and his voice showed it; "but it seems better to tell you, once for all, you are quite mistaken: my wife and I are very happy."

He left the room. He would not go out; he was afraid Pritchard might follow him, or that he might meet the two artists, who just then would have been most unwelcome.

He went upstairs into his bedroom, and threw open the window. It had been a great effort to keep his hands off Pritchard. That he should dare to speak of his married life to him at all was unbearable; but that he should have studied Nuna so as to give him (Paul) a new insight into her heart, had been so startling, that astonishment had for the time held anger within bounds. It blazed out now fierce and unchecked.

That a free-thinking, pleasure-loving being like Pritchard should presume to give his advice on so sacred and delicate a subject as married happiness, was intolerable.

"What can he know about it?" said Paul; "what can he know about the love of any pure good woman, or about how it should be prized and cherished?"

He pulled up short here, as if his thoughts had run against a stone wall;

but they went on again, glancing aside from the question he had asked.

"Strange that he should have formed that opinion of Nuna! I wonder what he got it from — her eyes, he said;" and Paul sat pondering till the lights grew brighter in the deepening blackness, and the hum of voices in the street below his window grew hushed, and left the dull splash of the waves to unbroken monotony. Was Nuna dissatisfied? He had told Pritchard he and his wife were happy together; happy — and then he began to question the meaning of the word.

"Why did I marry?" he asked himself, not repiningly, but in earnest seriousness — and the answer came, he had married for happiness, with a yearning for that pure bliss which his own early memories had taught him was to be found in a loving union, in a true home.

He had been young at the time of his father's death, but still he had distinct detached memories of seeing his parents together. He recalled these now; he was trying to discover whether his notion of married happiness was not something fantastic and unreal.

"I've read that our capacity for happiness is larger than is our power of gratifying it, and this is one of the means by which we are taught to aspire to the perfect love of heaven; but yet I fancy there may be intense happiness on earth for those who have full sympathy in its enjoyment; surely, so simple, so uncostly a thing as domestic happiness is within the reach of all."

You laugh at Paul for thinking this, you say he is visionary, he has none of that valuable and popular quality which those who have no other faculty label "invaluable common sense;" but your common sense may help you here, if you remember that Paul Whitmore had seen little of married life, and that the few families he knew intimately were happy and united.

It seemed to him, as his thoughts travelled back to childish days, that his father and mother were always associated in his recollections — and then he remembered to have heard that they were not happy apart; almost Nuna's own words when she said good-bye to him. How wistful she had looked; and he had thought her tiresome not to take his absence more as a matter of course. A feeling of self-reproach came — how often he had left Nuna, and they had not been married a year!

"Though, in the love I am thinking of,

time would make no difference, unless indeed affection became deepened and intensified by daily growth—a growth quickened by acts of love, done for the sake of one another.”

He was getting less visionary, you see, but he was still vague; he still trusted in love itself too much as a sheet-anchor, without premising that the love must be so pure, so perfect, so really heaven-born, as to make the home in which it hides itself from worldly eyes an earthly Paradise. He knew what he meant and what he wanted; memory told him, and something nearer than memory, that he was the child of such a home: but as yet Paul only knew it might be; he did not grasp that the treasure he sought lay on his own hearthstone, and might be his if he really loved Nuna as she loved him. If he had asked Nuna why she married, she could not have given the same deliberate answer. She would probably have said that life would have been intolerable away from Paul; if she had been older, and so had gained insight into her own nature, she would have known that the overmastering love she bore to Paul had so united her to him that she had no separate existence. Left alone away from him, life became grey and neutral-tinted,—she was like a chrysalis; her own life lay shrivelled in the past; only the presence of her love could quicken her pulses and rouse her from apathy and vacancy. No one had ever warned Nuna of idolatry: all other love since Mary's death had been thrown back on the ardent young soul, as the cold grey rock flings back the waves on the stones of the beach. Paul had drawn out her hidden love, kindled it, all unconscious of its intense and ardent power, till Nuna had grown to believe that there was no happiness that could satisfy so exacting a nature as her own. From the first she had a consciousness that she had been easily won, that her love had existed before Paul's had. It was her character to take blame to herself; it had not occurred to her, except in petulant, quickly repented of moments, seriously to doubt the strength of her husband's love.

While Paul sat thinking, it came to him that two subjects were continually trying to piece themselves together in his mind, and that from this very persistence there must be some mysterious affinity between them—the love of his father and his mother, and Pritchard's mention of Nuna. He called up the vision of her eyes; there seemed to him to be reproach in their

lovely tenderness. Was he unhappy away from Nuna? No;—he tried to answer Yes; but he remembered that of his own free will he had settled to stay a day longer with Pritchard than he had at first intended.

He was uneasy and restless; he got up and walked about. Pritchard's advice came back, and he felt more angry than ever that he should have given occasion for such an expression of opinion; and as he raised his head haughtily, and threw back his hair with the old familiar action, Nuna's eyes, pleading, tender,—how passionately tender!—seemed to be looking from the dark corner of the room.

Paul's head lowered suddenly, and his hand clasped over his eyes. He was not trying to shut out the picture he had seen, he was concentrating thought on it. His heart swelled and throbbed with a strange mixture of sorrow and joy: sorrow in which remorse was mingled, and joy full of anticipation. Yes, he had wronged his wife; he had not been untrue to her: in his heart Paul still thought he had behaved admirably and with rare self-denial in his interviews with Mrs. Downes, but he ought not to have kept a secret from Nuna.

“I never will have another,” he said; “I'll tell her everything, and she's such a darling, for the very telling her she'll forgive me at once.”

In his usual impulsive fashion he settled to go home directly. Why not? it was not ten o'clock yet. He packed his bag, went down and wrote a note to Pritchard, who had gone to bed, and then found that no train left till six o'clock next morning.

This news set his impatience so ablaze that he went out, left his bag at the station, and resolved to pass the time awake.

He made his way to the pier and sat there, looking out over the sea, grown so quiet and still now, that its vast smooth surface seemed to vex his restlessness. He sat thinking still of Nuna; had he given her much unhappiness? The only time he had ever suspected she might have grief which she hid away, was on that night when he had been startled at the fire in her eyes; he had warned her against jealousy then, and he remembered the strange echo his words had had to him; he remembered, too, that on that same night had come the note from Mr. Downes.

“It would be terrible to make her jealous,” he said thoughtfully; but he was

thinking more of the disunion and strife it would cause than of the pain to Nuna's heart. He wondered now at the fascination he had found in those sittings in Park Lane, and side by side with the tender passion of his wife's eyes he saw that last look of Patty's. He turned from it with a feeling of reproach; he asked himself how he would like Nuna to look into any man's eyes as Patty had thus looked into his — into Will Bright's, for instance.

"What a Pharisee I'm growing!" he scoffed at himself. "Bright himself could not be narrower — as if women know what their eyes say; it's just a trick of expression: I have heard Nuna herself complain of her stepmother's lectures about this. Poor darling! she hasn't an idea of the way in which her eyes betray her."

And yet, that last look of Patty's, judge it as leniently as he would, had suddenly robbed her of the charm which had held him in thrall; it had brought back his first shrinking. Which was the real woman, he asked himself, as he sat there in the darkness — the Patty he had grown to believe in, or the artificial, worldly creature he had recognized at his first meeting with Mrs. Downes?

But Nuna's claims upon him had been strengthening even while his mind had wandered from them. He was angry with himself for thus wasting his thoughts away from her.

He did not attempt to analyze his feelings, — there was a blissful certainty of coming joy in them which was too exciting for such a process; but he felt that Nuna had never seemed so precious — felt, too, in a half real way, as a man feels who is suddenly told that a familiar book in his library is of rare value, not to be purchased for money.

He might have got a clue to the change in himself if he had remarked his complacency regarding Pritchard; he had forgotten all about his friend's unpalatable advice.

By the time twelve o'clock sounded over the silent town, Paul felt so reconciled to life that he went back to the inn, and finding his room still disengaged, went to bed and slept soundly till Boots roused him for his early journey.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DISCOVERY.

NUNA had not slept all night; and now, as she sat before her untasted breakfast,

her eyes looked hard and bright, and there was a feverish spot on each cheek, which showed that want of rest had not overmastered the inward trouble that was working in her heart. Literally at work in every pulse-beat, it seemed to thrill over her whole body; a feeling till now latent had been roused to active life.

On the night before, she had sat up later than usual. Paul would be home the next evening; only twenty-four hours before she saw him; would he come, or should she get a letter to say, as he had said before, that he should stay away yet another day?

"How can I bear it?" she had said on this evening; "if he only could once know what his presence is to me, he would come, I know he would."

Nuna had never been able to conceive herself as necessary to Paul as he was to her: without fathoming the shallowness of her husband's affection for her, she had accepted as a disappointment, but still as an inevitable fact, that women were made for men, and not men for women; and when her imagination grew rebellious of the curb she strove to lay on it, and pictured earthly joys, more intense than any she had known, in the heart to heart communion of two souls made one by love, she had tried to school herself by the conviction that she was not worthy of Paul, and that she got as much of his affection as she could hope for.

"I was too easily won," she said. "Why else has he been so cold and silent lately? I am not companion enough for him, and he gets dull — ah! but —" and she remembered how lovingly he had urged her to go to Gray's Farm.

"But that was to go away from him," and she smiled through the tears in her eyes. For the present her grief lay hushed within her; she had nothing actually to complain of, she tried to hope that time would work a change.

"If you please, ma'am," said the prim maid, "here's a man with a picture from the frame-maker's. He's not quite sure if he was to bring it here or to Park Lane; but he says, as it's so late, he'll leave it now and call again in the morning to know if it's right."

"Very well," said Nuna; "say your master is out, and I don't know if it is right, but he can bring the picture in."

A man came in, almost staggering under the weight he carried, but Nuna was pre-occupied, — she did not look round

even to see where he placed the picture.

The man went out again, the servant followed him, and the door was closed.

The strange feeling of depression which had hung over Nuna lately was still heavy upon her. She felt nervous, and wished suddenly that the studio was not so large, so that the shadowy, far-off corners might lose the gloomy terrors which she thought oppressed her.

"I'll go to bed," she said; "I have sat up till I'm tired out. I believe I am afraid of that huge picture; I wonder what it can be. The best way is to look at it."

She had shrunk from doing this, remembering Paul's dislike to be questioned about his portraits; but in his absence it was such a dear delight to gaze on something that his hand had touched—something created by the mind she so worshipped.

The picture had been placed against the bookcase; Nuna had been sitting at the table with her back towards it. She took her reading lamp, and went close up to it; her eyes did not at once reach the face; she was arrested by the marvellous painting of the hands, the grace of the attitude; "so simple, so unstudied," she said. "Paul has given this fine lady the freshness of a country girl."

She started so violently when her eyes reached the face that she nearly upset her lamp—started with a kind of superstitious terror—a terror which raised the hair on her temples, and bathed her forehead in sudden dew; then a scornful smile of incredulity curved her lips; she raised the lamp higher, and took a still closer survey.

She did not start this time. Something seemed to steel her against any outward emotion. Her heart felt dead, stony while she stood, still as the picture itself, taking in every detail of Patty's exceeding loveliness.

She came back to the table at last, set the lamp down, and stood thinking with fixed eyes and clasped hands.

Not for long. Nuna felt on a sudden

that if she stayed near the portrait she should do it a mischief. She made no effort against the wild tempest that had risen in her bosom. She had tried, at first, to tell herself that there was some accidental likeness, but conviction stifled this. It was Patty, and she had sought Paul out, and tried to rekindle his old love.

"Oh, God!" moaned Nuna, "take me in mercy! How am I to live, if Paul loves her?"

The night was full of torture. She had spent it mostly in walking up and down her bedroom, pressing her bare feet on the carpet with the longing after pain that mental agony creates; and now this morning she was not really calmer, only stilled by exhaustion.

She had tried to pray, but her dry, parched tongue had uttered words which her heart gave no voice to; and now, as she thought of the hours she was doomed to pass alone in the same room with that smiling, lovely face, her despair grew to frenzy, and she wrung her hands.

Nuna had none of the helpless feebleness which makes some women seek for instant support against sorrow—a feebleness which, if rightly guided, brings true help to the seeker, or, in another way it may be, deepens her misery. Paul had been the rock on which all her hopes had anchored. She had only relied on Paul's counsel and will, and now Paul had no more love for her. She must go on loving him; he was a part of her being now; but pride, every true womanly feeling, Nuna thought, must prevent her from showing her love.

"He has separated us by his own act," and the words pierced through her as she spoke them. "Oh, Paul! could you have kept this secret from me if you had ever loved me at all?"

She had no power to withdraw herself from the hateful picture, so she sat through the morning, dry-eyed, waiting for her husband's return.

THE Ant-eating Woodpecker (*Melanerpes formicivorus*) a common Californian species, has a curious and peculiar method of laying up provision against the inclement season. Small round holes are dug in the bark of the pine and oak, into each one of which is inserted an acorn, and so tightly is it fitted or driven in, that it is with difficulty extracted. The bark of the pine

trees, when thus filled, presents at a short distance the appearance of being studded with brass-headed nails. Stowed away in large quantities in this manner, the acorns not only supply the wants of the woodpecker, but the squirrels, mice, and jays avail themselves likewise of the fruits of its provident labour.

Nature.

From Saint Pauls.
CATHAY.

WITH NOTICES OF TRAVELLERS TO THAT COUNTRY.

THE popular impression is so strong that China was a new discovery in the sixteenth century, that if we were Irish we should be disposed to call this paper, "*Visits to China, before it was discovered.*" The idea is, however, equally well conveyed without a bull, if we term it "*Notices of Cathay.*" For to those who have paid any attention to the subject, the mere use of that name will define the period with which we mean to deal, viz., the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.

Our notices of China as known to the West might indeed go many centuries further back, though not under the name that we have prefixed. We might go back to the *Sinim* of the Prophet Isaiah if we were bold enough; we might with firmer assurance go back to the *Seres* and *Sinae* of classic poets and geographers, which were but two names applied to the same great people as dimly seen from landward on the north, and from seaward on the south; and to the *Tzinista* of the Alexandrine monk and merchant, *Cosmos*, in the sixth century, which was but a Grecizing of the Persian appellation *Chinistân*. But to begin so far back would lead to prolixity; we confine ourselves, then, to *Cathay*.

This name, *KHITAI*, though its European use be limited properly to the centuries we have specified, is to this day that by which China is known to nearly all the nations which are accustomed to view it from a landward point of view, including the Russians, the Persians, and the nations of Turkestan. The name was originally borrowed from that of a people who were not, properly speaking, Chinese at all. The *Khitans* were a people of Manchu lineage (kindred therefore to the race of the present Imperial Dynasty), who in the tenth century overran all the northern provinces of China, and established a considerable empire, embracing those provinces and the adjoining regions of Tartary. This empire subsisted for two centuries. The same curious process took place which seems always to have followed the intrusion of Tartar conquerors into China, and strongly resembling that which followed the establishment of the Roman emperors in Byzantium. The intruders themselves adopted Chinese manners, ceremonies, and literature, and gradually therewith degenerated and lost all warlike energy.

It must have been during the period (ending with the overthrow of the dynasty in 1123) when this northern monarchy was the face which the Celestial Empire turned to Inner Asia, that the name of *Khitan*, *Khitat*, or *Khitai* became indissolubly associated with China.

A century later came the climax of the power of Chinghiz, the Mongol conqueror of the eastern world. One result of his conquests, and those of his immediate successors, by the depression into which they threw, for a time, Mahomedan arrogance, and, in fact, all the political partitions of Asia, was to open the breadth of that great continent to the travellers, traders, and missionaries of the west. "It is worthy of the grateful remembrance of all Christian people," says one of the ecclesiastical travellers of the next age, "that just when God let loose in the eastern parts of the world those Tartars to slay and to be slain, He sent forth also into the western parts of the world his faithful and blessed servants, Dominic and Francis, to enlighten, instruct, and build up in the faith." And, indeed, whatever we may think on the whole of the world's debt to Dominic (as indirectly, if not directly, the Father of the Inquisition), it is to the brethren of the two orders, but chiefly to the Franciscans, that we owe a large part of the notices of Eastern Asia that those ages have bequeathed.

Thus, among the many wanderers dumb to posterity, who found their way to the far court of Karakorum, on the northern verge of the Mongolian Desert, luckily for us there went, also, in 1245, John of Plano Carpini, a native of Umbria, and, a few years later, the Fleming William of Ruysbroek, or De Rubruquis, both of them Franciscan monks of superior intelligence, whose narratives have been preserved.

First by these two, after centuries of oblivion, Europe was told of a great and civilized people, dwelling in the extreme east upon the shores of the ocean; and to the land of this people they gave a name now first heard in the west, that of CATHAY.

The elder and earlier monk, after several incidental references to the *Kitai*, returns to speak of them more particularly thus:—

"The Cathayans are a Pagan people, who have a written character of their own. They have also, it is reported, a Now and an Old Testament; they have besides a Book of the Lives of the Fathers, and they have religious recluses, and buildings used very much like

churches, in which they say their prayers at appointed seasons of their own. They worship the one God, and reverence the one Lord Jesus Christ, and believe in Eternal Life, but are entirely without baptism. They honour and reverence our Scriptures, are affectionately disposed towards Christians, and do many almsdeeds; indeed they seem to be kindly and civilized folk enow. They have no beard; and in their features are very much like the Mongols, but not so broad in the face. They have a peculiar language. Better craftsmen in all the arts practised by mankind are not to be found on the face of the earth. Their country also is very rich in corn, in wine, gold, silver, and in silk, and in all other things that tend to human maintenance."

These curious statements about the quasi-Christianity of the Chinese will be found repeated in Oriental rumour again and again, down to the seventeenth century, and are doubtless connected with those singular parodies of the Roman worship and religious orders which are to be found in the Buddhism of Tibet and China, and which led some of the later, as well as the earlier, missionaries of the Roman Church to declare that the evil one had devised these parodies in order to throw ridicule on the Church and obstruct its progress. Indeed, in our day, poor Père Huc, in spite of his adoption of the latter theory, painted those analogies so vividly, that he is said to have found, to his dismay, his charming book on Tibet placed in the *Index Prohibitus* of Rome!

Rubruquis (1253) gives somewhat more of detail. He shows his acumen by identifying the Cathayans with the ancient *Seres*; and he is not only the first, but, as far as we know, the only mediæval traveller who had the sagacity to discern (though, of course, imperfectly) the great characteristic of Chinese written language. The following are his chief remarks on the Cathayans:—

"Beyond this is *Great Cathay*, the people of which I believe to have been those anciently called *Seres*. From them still come the best silk stuff, which the people in that quarter still term *seric*, and the nation has the name of *Seres* from a certain city of theirs. I was well assured that in that country there is a town which has walls of silver and battlements of gold"—a Chinese legend of the ancient capital Singanfu, and which may remind us of Ptolemy's remark that it was *not true* that the metropolis of the *Sinæ* had walls of brass. The friar goes on: "The people are little fellows who talk much through the nose; and, like most folk in the far east, they have eyes with a very narrow

aperture. They are the very best of artists in every kind of craft; and their physicians have an excellent knowledge of the virtues of herbs, and of diagnosis by the pulse" (on which last matter you will find prolix pages on pages in Duhalde) . . . "Their current money consists of pieces of cotton paper, of a palm in length and breadth, on which are printed"—remark that expression—"certain lines in imitation of the seal of the Great Khan Mangu. They do their writing with a hair-pencil, such as painters paint withal, and in what they write a single character embraces several letters, so as to form a word in itself."

When Rubruquis in this passage (with the *Serica Vestis* of the ancients in mind) points out that the people at Karakorum still called silk stuffs by the name of *seric*, he anticipates the learned etymologies of Klaproth, and refers, doubtless, as the latter does, to the *sirkek* of the Mongols, their word for silk.

In another passage Rubruquis tells us that he had heard for a fact that beyond Cathay there was a certain place with this peculiarity, that whoever entered it *never grew any older*; but he really could not believe this.

Rubruquis had been sent on this mission by St. Lewis of France, part of his commission being to ascertain the truth of the rumours spread that Sartac, one of the great Mongol princes, was a Christian. This, according to the traveller, proved entirely unfounded. Indeed he was admonished by one of that Prince's officers,—"Mind what you are about, saying that our master is a Christian; he is no such thing, but a *Mongol*." Just so we have heard of an unlucky Southron traveller in days gone by, benighted in a village north of the Scotch border, and exclaiming in despair—"Was there then no good Christian who would take him in?" "Na, na," was all the reply, "we're all Jardines and Johnstones here!"

Other brief notices of Cathay occur in the narrative of the journey of Hayton, king of the small Cilician territory, which bore the name of Little Armenia, who in 1254-55 visited by invitation the court of Mangu Khan at Karakorum. Among other things King Hayton heard that beyond Cathay there was a country where the women were possessed of reason *just like men*, whilst the male sex were represented by great shaggy dogs, devoid of reason; a story which had been told also to Plano Carpini, and which Klaproth has found in Chinese books of the period. It

is an Arab legend also, in somewhat different form, and probably has its foundation in the exceeding disproportion in personal comeliness between the two sexes, which is found in many peoples of Mongolian race.

Our scheme and space admit only of an allusion to that illustrious Venetian family, whose travels occupy a large portion of the interval between the journey of Rubruquis and the end of the thirteenth century, and who were in fact the first Europeans known actually to have reached Cathay. All other travellers to Cathay are stars of inferior magnitude beside the orb of Marco Polo. There was a time when he was counted among the romancers; but that is long past, and his veracity and justness of observation still shine brighter under every recovery of lost and forgotten knowledge. Fifty years ago Marsden did much in a splendid edition to elucidate the traveller's narrative; but it is no exaggeration to say that the material for the illustration of the story has been more than doubled since that day, scarcely so much from the expansion of modern travel as from the stores of Chinese, Mongol, and Persian history which have been rendered accessible to European readers, or brought directly to bear upon the elucidation of the traveller by the great scholars of France and Germany. Within the last few years Paris has issued a beautiful edition of the book by M. Panthier, which brings forward a vast mass of new matter from the editor's own Chinese studies. It is indeed to be regretted in this work that there is a want of generosity in the recognition of the labours of the editor's predecessors, and towards some of them an acrimony which makes outsiders marvel and exclaim, "*Tartare animis cœlestibus iræ?*" Wherefore should the language of the celestial empire have so bad an effect on the temper of its students?

Just as the three Noble Venetians were reaching their native city (*i.e.*, in 1295), the forerunner of a new band of travellers was entering China from the south. This was John of Monte Corvino, a Franciscan monk, who, already nearly fifty years of age, was plunging alone into that great sea of paganism, and of what he deemed little better, Nestorianism (for the Nestorian Christians at this time had flourishing communities in many parts of China), to preach the gospel according to his understanding of it. After years of uphill work and solitary labour, as better days began to dawn, others joined him; the Popes woke up to what was going on; he was

created Archbishop in Cambalec (or Peking) with patriarchal authority, and was spasmodically reinforced with batches of suffragan bishops and friars of his order. The Roman Church spread; churches or Franciscan convents were established at Cambalec, at Kinsai (or Hangcheufu), then by general consent of Christian and Mahomedan the vastest city in the world, at Zayton (or Chingcheu), at Yangcheu near the Great Kiang, and elsewhere; and the missions flourished under the immediate patronage of the Great Khan himself. Friar John, in the early and solitary days of his mission, followed a system which has sometimes been adopted by Protestant missions during famines in India. In his letter he says:—

"I have bought gradually one hundred and fifty boys, the children of pagan parents, who had never learned any religion. These I have baptized, and taught Greek and Latin after our manner. Also, I have written out Psalters for them, with thirty Hymnaries and two Breviaries. By help of these, eleven of the boys already know our service, and form a choir, and take their weekly turn of duty, whether I am there or not. Many of the boys are also employed in writing out Psalters and other things suitable. . . . When we are chanting, his Majesty the Cham can hear our voices in his chamber; and this wonderful fact is spread far and wide among the heathen. . . . And I have a place in the Cham's Court, and a regular entrance and seat assigned me as legate of our Lord the Pope, and the Cham honours me above all other prelates, whatever be their titles."

Among the friars who visited China during the interval between the beginning of the fourteenth century and the year 1328, when Archbishop John, full of years and honour, was followed to his tomb by a mourning multitude of Pagans as well as Christians, several have left letters or more extended accounts of their experience in Cathay. Among these was Friar Odoric of Pordenone in Friuli, to whose work we shall recur by-and-by.

The Exchange had its envoys to China at this period as well as the Church. The record is a very fragmentary one; but many circumstances and incidental notices show how frequently both India and China were reached by European traders during the first half of the fourteenth century—a state of things very difficult to realize when we see how all the more easterly of those regions, when re-opened only two centuries later, seemed almost as absolutely new discoveries as the empire which

about the same time Cortez and Pizarro were annexing in the west.

As examples of the frequency of mercantile expeditions to India, we may quote the allusion of the Venetian Marino Sanuto, writing about 1306, to the many merchants who had already gone to that country to make their purchases and come back safely. About 1322 Friar Jordanus, a Dominican, when in sore trouble at Tana (near Bombay), falls in with a young Genoese, who gives him aid; and the same Jordanus, writing at a later date from Gogo, in Guzerat, refers to information apparently received from Latin merchants on that coast. John Marignolli, when in Malabar about 1348, has for interpreter a youth who had been rescued from pirates in the Indian Sea by a merchant of Genoa. Mandeville speaks of the Italian merchants who frequented Hormuz. Again, as regards China and the remoter regions of Asia, John of Monte Corvino was accompanied all the way from Persia to Peking (1292-93) by Master Peter of Luculongo, "a faithful Christian man and a great merchant." There was then perhaps an intermission of some years; for Friar John, writing in 1305, says that twelve years had passed since he had heard any European news, except some in the shape of awful blasphemies about the Pope, which had been spread by a certain surgeon of Lombardy (probably a *Paterino*, or quasi-Protestant heretic) some two years before. A little later in the century, however, Odoric refers for confirmation of the wonders he had to tell of Kansai (Hangcheufu) to the many persons he had met at Venice since his return, who had themselves been witnesses of the truth of his tales. A letter written in 1323 by Andrew Bishop, of Zayton (or Chincheu), quotes on a question of exchanges the opinion of the Genoese merchants at that great seaport. Some twenty years later John Marignolli found in the same city a *fondaco*, or factory and warehouse for the use of the Christian merchants; and about 1339 we find William of Modena, a merchant, dying with certain Franciscans, as a martyr to the faith, at Almalig, in the depths of Tartary.

But the most distinct and notable evidence of the importance and frequency of this eastern trade is to be found in the work of Francis Balducci Pegolotti, a factor in the service of the great Florentine house of the Bardi (the house which gave a husband to Dante's Beatrice, and a heroine to George Eliot, in *Romola*), for whom he had acted not only in England

and Flanders, but in Cyprus and the East. This book, which was written about 1340, under the name of *Divisamenti di Paesi*, or "Descriptions of Countries," is a regular handbook of commerce, and the first two chapters of it are devoted to useful information for the merchant going to Cathay. The route lay from Tana or Azov to Sarai, then a great city on the Wolga above Astracan, and thence by Astracan, Sarai-chik on the River Yaic or Ural, Organj near Khiva, Otrar near the Jaxartes, and Almalig near the River Ili, to Kancheu in North-Western China, and so forward to the Great Canal which led to the great marts of Peking and Hungcheu. Particulars are given as to the investments and exchanges proper to the journey, and especially as to the paper money which formed the only currency of China; how the traveller was to dress and otherwise provide himself for the journey; what carriage he would require, and what his expenses ought to be. The road travelled from Tana to Cathay, the author says, was perfectly safe, whether by day or night, according to the report of the merchants who had used it. And the ventures were evidently no inconsiderable matters; for the example taken by the author to illustrate the question of exchanges is that of a merchant with a dragoman and two men-servants, and goods to the value of 25,000 gold florins, or about £12,000 in intrinsic value.

This intercourse, both religious and commercial, probably continued till the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China (1368). The latest detailed notice of it which we possess is the account of the journey of John Marignolli, a Florentine friar, and afterwards Bishop of Bisignano, in Calabria, who was sent with some others in 1338 by Pope Benedict XII. on an embassy to the Court of Peking, in return for one which had come from the Emperor Toghatimur, called by the Chinese Shunti, to the Papal Court at Avignon. The notices of this journey have been preserved for us in a manner sufficiently whimsical. Marignolli, after his return in 1353, seems to have acquired the favour of the Emperor Charles IV., who was King of Bohemia. He made the traveller one of his chaplains, and carried him to Prague. During this visit the new chaplain was desired by his imperial patron to undertake the task of recasting the Annals of Bohemia. Charles would have shown a great deal more sense if he had directed the Churchman to put on paper the detailed narrative of his eastern experiences. However, let us be

thankful for what we have. The essential part of the task was utterly repugnant to the Tuscan ecclesiastic. He drew back, as he says, from the thorny thickets, and tangled brakes of the Bohemian chronicles, "from the labyrinthine jungle of strange names, the very utterance of which was an impossibility to his Florentine tongue." And so he consoled himself under the disagreeable task by interpolating his chronicle, à propos de bottes, with the recollections of his Asiatic travels, or with the notions they had given him of Asiatic geography. It might perhaps have been hard to drag these into a mere chronicle of Bohemia; but in those days every legitimate chronicle began from Adam at the very latest, and it would have been strange if this did not afford latitude for the introduction of any of Adam's posterity. And thus it is that we find these curious reminiscences imbedded in a totally unreadable chronicle of Bohemia, like unexpected fossils in a bank of mud. As these notices are little known, we propose to come back upon them more fully, and also upon the visit to China of the Moorish traveller Ibn Batuta, which took place about the time that Marignolli quitted Peking.

Soon after this time missions and merchants alike disappear from the field, as the Mongol dynasty totters and comes down. We hear indeed, once and again, of friars and bishops despatched from Avignon; but they go forth into the darkness, and are traced no more. For the new rulers of China revert to the old indigenous policy, and hold foreigners aloof, whilst Islam has recovered and extended its grasp over Central Asia; and the Nestorian Christianity, which once prevailed so widely there, is rapidly vanishing, leaving its traces only in some strange semblances of Church ritual which are found woven into the worship of the Tibetan Lamas, like the cabin-gildings and mirrors of a wrecked vessel treasured among the fetishes of a Polynesian chief. A dark mist descends upon the further East, covering Mangi and Cathay, with those cities of theirs of which the old travellers told such wonders — Cambalec and Kansai and Zayton and Chinkalan. And when the veil rises before the Portuguese and Spanish explorers nearly two centuries later, those names are heard no more. In their stead we have China, with Peking and Hangeheu, Chinchou and Canton. Not only are the old names forgotten, but the fact that the places had been known before is utterly forgotten also. Gradually

Jesuit missionaries go forth anew from Rome; new converts are made, and new vicariats constituted. But of the old converts no trace has survived; they and the Nestorians with whom they battled have alike been swallowed up again in the ocean of Paganism. The earlier impression of Ricci and his Jesuit comrades was that no Christianity had ever existed in China, though somewhat later the belief was modified; and even a few relics of Christian art were found, culminating in the discovery of the elaborate Christian monument of Singanfu, which, however, belongs to a much older date than we deal with in this paper. By-and-by, too, Marco Polo came to the surface, and one and another began to suspect that China and Cathay were one.

But we have been going too fast over the ground, and must return to that dark interval of which we have spoken, between the fall of the Mongol dynasty in China, and the first appearance of the Portuguese in the Bocca Tigris. The name of Cathay was not forgotten; the poets and romancers kept it in mind, and it figured in maps of the world. Nor was this all. Some flickering gleams of light came once and again from behind the veil which hung over the East of Asia. Such are the cursory notices of Cathay which reached the Castilian Gonzalez de Clavijo, on his embassy to the Court of Timur in 1404, and Hans Schiltberger, of Munich, who served in the army of the same conqueror. A more substantial account is found in the narrative of the wanderings of Nicolo Conti, of Venice, taken down from his lips by Poggio Bracciolini in 1440 or 1442. It is not distinctly stated in this narrative that Conti had been in Cathay, but there is internal evidence of the fact. The information that he brought home was eagerly caught at by the map-makers of the age, and much of it is embodied in that gorgeous work, the map of Fra Mauro, now in the ducal palace at Venice.

A century passed after the discovery of the Cape route before the identity of Cathay and China was fully established, and in that time we find several narratives that treat of the journey to Cathay without any recognition of that identity. Such is that which Ramusio gives us, as received from an intelligent Persian called Hajji Mahomed, who had come to Venice with rhubarb for sale, remarkable as containing the first distinct mention of tea (so far as we know), published in Europe; and another narrative of a similar character, which Busbeck, when ambassador

from Charles V. to the Ottoman Court, picked up from a wandering dervish.

Late in the sixteenth century Jerome Xavier, nephew of the great Francis, and himself a Jesuit missionary at the court of Akbar, met in the great king's darbar in Lahore a Mahomedan merchant who had just arrived from Cathay. The picture which he drew of the country, and especially the account which he gave of the religion of the people, greatly excited Father Jerome, who saw in it an untouched and promising field for the labours of the Society. He strongly urged his superiors to send a party to reconnoitre this country, in which he fancied that the long-lost land of Prester John was at last to be revealed. The opinion of Ricci and his comrades, who had come to the conclusion that the Cathay of the old travellers was the very China in which they were labouring, was communicated to him; but Father Jerome was not to be convinced, and brought forward arguments on the other side sufficiently plausible to bend the authorities at Goa to his views. The expedition was resolved upon, and Benedict Goes, a lay coadjutor of the Society, and one of the noblest characters in the history of travels, was selected for the task. After a long and difficult journey in the character of an Armenian merchant, by way of Kabul, the high table-land of Pamir, Yarkand, Aksu, and Kamul, he reached Kancheu on the Chinese frontier in 1605. Here he was kept for eighteen months by the intolerable delays and obstacles to the admission of travellers into the empire. He had come to the conclusion that the Cathay he was sent to seek was no other than China, but his endeavours to communicate with his brethren at Peking were long unsuccessful. At last they succeeded: a native convert was sent to help him forward, and arrived at Kancheu only to find Benedict on his death-bed. "Seeking Cathay he found Heaven," as one of his Order has pronounced his epitaph. With him the curtain may finally drop upon Cathay. China alone could be recognized thenceforward by reasonable people, though for nearly a century later geographical works of some pretension continued to indicate Cathay as a distinct region, with Cambalu for its capital.

After this sketch of one phase of the communication between China and the Western world, we return to speak more particularly of some of the travellers who have been named.

First, then, of Friar Odoric. Born about 1280, of a Bohemian family settled

in Friuli, he joined the Franciscans at an early age, and about 1316, impelled, it would seem, by a natural love of roaming, rather than by the missionary zeal afterwards ascribed to him, he obtained the permission of his superiors to set out for the East. We have not space to trace his overland journey to the Persian Gulf, but thence he embarked at Hormuz for Tana, on the Island of Salsette, a port which may be considered the mediæval representative of Bombay, and now a station on the Great Peninsular Railway, a few miles from the modern city. Here four brethren of his order had recently met with martyrdom at the hands of the Mussulman governor of the city, which seems to have been then dependent on Delhi. Several chapters are devoted to the marvellous and very curious history of this event; and Odoric made it his business to take up the bones of his murdered comrades, and to carry them with him on his further voyage. He went on by sea to Malabar, and thence to Ceylon and Mabar, as the southern part of the Coromandel coast was then called by the Mahomedan navigators, and to Mailapur, a town close to the modern Madras, and the name of which still adheres to a suburb of that city, famous from an early date as the alleged burial-place of St. Thomas the Apostle, and visited as such by the envoys whom our own King Alfred sent to India.

Hence Odoric sailed to Sumatra, a name which he, perhaps, first brought to Europe, though it then applied to only a principality in the great island which now bears the title. He tells strange stories of the cannibalism for which certain tribes of that island have continued down to our own day to be infamous. As Hakluyt's quaint old version of the traveller's story runs: "Man's Flesh, if it be fat, is eaten as ordinarily there as Beefe in our country. Marchants comming vnto this Region for traffique do vsually bring to them fat men, selling them vnto the Inhabitants as wee sel Hogs, who immediately kil and eate them!" Thence he went on to Java, apparently to Borneo, to Champa or Southern Cochin China, and so to Canton. From Canton he travelled to two of the great ports of Fokien — viz., Zayton (or Chinsheu) and Fuchén. At the former he found two houses of his Order, and deposited with them the bones of his brethren, which he had carried thus far, and probably found somewhat inconvenient baggage for a land journey. From Fuchén he crossed the mountains to the great city of which we have already

heard, Kinsai or Kansa (a corruption of the Chinese *king-sze*, or "capital"). Thence he visited Nanking, and crossed the mighty Kiang, which he describes, justly, as the greatest river in the (non-American) world, under the Mongol appellation of *Talai*, or "The Sea." At Yangcheufen, where he found three Nestorian churches, he embarked on the Great Canal, and proceeded up it to Cambalec (or Peking), where he abode for three years, attached, no doubt, to one of the churches founded there by Archbishop John, now in extreme old age. Turning homeward, at length, he went to Singanfu, in Shensi for many years the capital of great Chinese dynasties—now the headquarters of one of the great insurrections (in this case Mahomedan) which are tearing the Chinese empire to pieces. Thence he found his way to Tibet, and its capital, Lhassa, the seat, as he says, of "the Pope of the Idolaters." Here we lose all precise indication of his further route, only we gather from slight hints and probabilities that his further journey led him through Badcockshan and the passes of the Hindu Kush to Kabul, and thence by the south of the Caspian to the shores of the Mediterranean. He reached his native soil in 1329–30.

The companion of Odoric, on part, at least, of these long wanderings, was Friar James, an Irishman, as appears from the record of a donation to him in the public books of Udine. It was in May, 1330, whilst lying ill in the convent of St Anthony at Padua, that Odoric dictated his story, which was taken down in homely Latin by a brother monk, and in January of the following year he died at Udine, in his native province. We cannot here relate the curious circumstances that attended the funeral, which ended in the declaration of his miraculous sanctity. *Qui peregrinatur raro sanctificantur*, says an ecclesiastical adage, and there is certainly nothing in Odoric's story to suggest his possession of exceptional holiness. The movement seems to have been in the first place entirely a popular one, and to have taken his brother friars quite by surprise. They, probably, during his short residence among them since his return, had regarded him only as an eccentric, much addicted to drawing the long-bow about the Grand Chan and the Cannibal Islands! Be that as it may, Odoric was beatified by popular acclamation, the miracles performed by his remains were authenticated by a solemn commission,* and ever since he has been

* Seventy such miracles are alleged to have been

regarded at Udine as a sort of patron saint. He has never reached the higher honours of canonization, but in the middle of the last century the cult rendered to him for centuries received the solemn sanction of the Pope. We have seen the record of the process which then took place at Rome, a highly curious ecclesiastical blue-book of a hundred and fifty folio pages. The body of the beatified friar still lies at Udine, and is exhibited quadrennially to the eyes of the faithful, or so much of it as has not been frittered away in reliques. These were in high esteem in the last century, and Father Venni, one of the biographers, assures us that in his day the *Polvere del Beato Odorico* was reckoned potent in fevers, like the James's powders of our youth. We have not seen the body of this eminently wandering Christian, but we have visited his tomb, and the cottage where he was born, near Pordenone.

Odoric has been scouted as a liar, and even the brethren who wrote his history as one of the saints of their Order, have been unable to hide their doubts. One says that much in the book will seem incredible unless the holy character of the narrator find belief or force it—*fidem extruat vel extorqueat*. Another is reduced to plead character—so saintly a man would never have told lies, much less have sworn to them as Odoric has done!

There is no doubt, however that he was a genuine, though indiscriminating, traveller. We cannot enter into all the proofs of this, but we may select a few passages in illustration of the manner of the story, and to show the justification that it admits of. We must not forget the disadvantage under which the story labours in having been dictated, and that in illness, and to a friar of probably still less literature than himself.

This may help to explain some of his most staggering stories. For instance, the narrative alleges that Odoric saw in Champa a tortoise as big as the dome of St. Anthony's at Padua. Now, the smallest of St. Anthony's many domes is some forty feet in diameter. But consider that the traveller was lying ill in that convent

authenticated; and indeed so says the heading of the Notary's Report of the Commission; though (like the cotton reels of Manchester, which profess to contain two hundred yards of thread) as a matter of fact it enumerates only twenty-seven. The scribe at the end apologizes—"I have written them down as well as I could . . . but not the whole of them, because there was no end to them, and I found it too difficult"—in fact, "what no fellow could do!"

when he dictated the story to Brother William of Solagna. He tells the latter, perhaps, that he saw an awfully big tortoise. "How big?" quoth Guglielmo, all agape. "Was it as big as the dome yonder?" "Well, yes," says the sick traveller, without turning his weary bones to look, "I daresay it might be!" And so down it goes in regular narration — "And I saw in that country a tortoise that was bigger in compass than the dome of St. Anthony's church in Padua."

Now for a few specimens of his narrative. In describing a great idol on the Coromandel coast, he speaks of the various penances performed by the pilgrims who came from great distances to say their prayers before it, just, he remarks, as Christian folk go on pilgrimages to St. Peter's, and then he proceeds: —

"And some have quite a different way of proceeding. For these as they start from their homes take three steps, and at every fourth step they make a prostration at full length upon the ground. And then they take a censer and incense the whole length of that prostration. And thus they do continually, until they reach the idol, so that sometimes, when they go through this operation, it taketh a very great while before they do reach the idol."

Now, this mode of penitential pilgrimage is by no means extinct in India. Not very long since, the Indian newspapers contained a striking account of the performance of such penance at some shrine in the Deccan. One man, it was stated, had come from his home, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, in this way — measuring his length along the ground not at every *fourth* step, but continuously, at the rate of about one mile a day!

"Hard by the church of this idol," continues Odoric, "there is a lake made by hand, into which the pilgrims who come thither cast gold or silver and precious stones, in honour of the idol, and towards the maintenance of the church, so that much treasure has been accumulated therein. And thus, when it is desired to do any work upon the church they make search in the lake and find all that has been cast into it."

This, you may say, looks very like a "traveller's tale." But it happens that we learn from an Arabic work, translated by Quatremere, that among the towns in the south of India conquered by Mahomed Tughlak of Delhi, a few years after the visit of Odoric to that region, there was one which possessed an idol-temple held in great repute all over that country, and which stood in the middle of a lake, into

which the worshippers used to cast their offerings. After the capture of the city, the sultan caused the lake to be drained, and the treasure accumulated in its bed sufficed to load two hundred elephants and several thousand oxen!

When in China, on his way from Zayton to Kinsai (see above), Odoric gives the earliest known description of the well-known Chinese practice of fishing with tame cormorants. His account, which is substantially identical with that which you will find in Staunton, Fortune, and other modern travellers, runs as follows: —

"Passing hence. . . I came to a certain great river, and I tarried at a certain city which hath a bridge across the river. At the head of the bridge was a tavern, in which I was entertained. And mine host wishing to do me a pleasure, said: 'If thou wouldst see good fishing, come with me!' So he led me upon the bridge, and I looked and saw certain water-fowl tied upon perches. And these he went and tied with a cord round the throat that they might not be able to swallow the fish which they caught. Next he proceeded to put three great baskets into a boat, one at each end, and the third in the middle, and then he let the water-fowl loose. Straightway they began to dive into the water, catching great numbers of fish, and ever as they caught them putting them of their own accord into the baskets, so that, before long, all three baskets were full. And mine host then took the cord off their necks, and let them dive again to catch fish for their own food. And when they had thus fed they returned to their perches, and were tied up as before. And some of those fish I had for dinner."

Ending another chapter on the magnificence of the Court of Pekin, he concludes: "But no one need wonder at his being able to maintain such an expenditure; for there is nothing spent as money in his whole empire, but certain pieces of paper which are there current as money; whilst an infinite amount of treasure comes into his hands." Here, as previously from Rubruquis, we have an allusion to that system of paper currency which prevailed nationally in China for many centuries, and which, though for four hundred years it has ceased to be national (though there have been recent efforts to re-establish it), is still maintained on a very large scale by local banks in great cities, such as Pekin and Fucheu.

We shall extract only one other passage from Odoric, and that, perhaps, the most questionable and perplexing in the whole narrative. It is the chapter in which the friar, on his return from Tibet

to the west, describes a certain valley in which he saw terrible things:—

"Another great and terrible thing I saw. For as I went through a certain valley, which lieth by the River of Delights, I saw therein many dead corpses lying. And I heard also therein sundry kinds of music, but chiefly nagarets (or kettledrums) which were marvelously sounded. And so great was the noise thereof that very great fear came upon me. Now this valley is seven or eight miles long, and if any unbeliever enter therein he quitteth it nevermore, but perishes incontinently. Yet I hesitated not to go in, that I might see, once for all, what the matter was. . . . And at one side of the valley, in the very rock, I beheld, as it were, the face of a man, very great and terrible, so very terrible, indeed, that for my exceeding great fear my spirit seemed to die in me. Wherefore I made the sign of the cross, and began continually to repeat *verbum caro factum* ('The Word was made flesh,' &c.), but I dared not at all come nigh that face, but kept at seven or eight paces from it. And so I came at length to the other end of the valley, and there I ascended a hill of sand, and looked around me. But nothing could I descry, only I still heard those nagarets to play, which played so marvellously."

The locality of this adventure is left obscure; but we think it can be fixed to the vicinity of the passes of the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul.

The river, you will have observed, on the banks of which he received these alarming impressions, is called the River of Delights, or, as it is in the Latin, *Flumen Deliciarum*, a name inappropriate enough to the tale. But if this was, as we can hardly doubt, in Odoric's mouth, *Fiume di Piaceri* (which is the actual reading in Ramusio's old Italian version), we see strong reason to believe that the word intended was not *pleasures* or *delights*, but the actual name of the River Panjsher, which flows from the Hindu Kush, north of Kabul. Wood tells us that the country thereabouts is rife with legends of the supernatural. And as regards the many corpses which our friar saw, the passes of the Panjsher were those, as Sultan Baber tells us in his memoirs, by which the robbers of Kafiristan constantly made their forays, *slaying great numbers of people*. Long before Baber's time, and before Odoric's, the Arab geographer, Edrisi, informs us that the people of Panjsher were notorious for their violence and wickedness; nor have they mended their manners; for Captain Wood observes, of the Panjsher valley, that "this fair scene is chiefly peopled by robbers, whose lawless

lives and never-ending feuds render it an unfit abode for honest men."

The awful and gigantic face in the cliff was probably some great rock-sculpture resembling the colossal figures at Bamian, described by Alexander Burnes; and though these figures themselves are at a considerable distance from the Panjsher, it is possible that the traveller's excited memory may have compressed into too narrow a compass all the circumstances of the passage of those mountains which had so strongly impressed his imagination. We may add that in the diary of a modern adventurer in those regions—a document, we must admit, vaguer and wilder than anything written by mediæval friar—we find the following passage strikingly analogous to the description of Odoric, of whose work, we will answer for it, the writer knew nothing:—

"27th July.—The basaltic cliffs assume fanciful shapes: supposed to be Kafirs petrified by Abraham. One very remarkable human face on the precipitous sides of a dark ravine of amygdaloid rock is called Baboo Boolan, about twenty-five feet in height, with monstrous red eyes and mouth and aquiline nose. They are objects of extreme dread to the natives."

The account of the Hill of Sand, on which our traveller heard the sound of invisible kettledrums, at once points to the phenomena of the *Rug Rouân*, or Flowing Sand, forty miles north of Kabul, and at the foot of the valley of Panjsher. Burnes describes the sounds heard there as loud and hollow, *very like those of a large drum*. Wood says the sound was that of a *distant drum mellowed by softer music* (how like our friar's "sundry kinds of music, but chiefly kettledrums!"); Sultan Baber speaks of the sound as that of drums and *nagarets*, again the very instruments specified by Odoric.†

Before quitting Odoric's Terrible Valley, we may remark that one would almost think John Bunyan had been reading the passage in old John Hackluyt, when he indited the account of Christian's transit through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, *c. g.*:—

"This frightful sight was seen, and those dreadful noises were heard, by him for several

* Journal kept by Mr. Gardner during his travels in Central Asia, in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, vol. xxii. p. 230.

† The same phenomenon has been observed in various parts of the world, and always in connection with the movement of sand disturbed upon a slope. One celebrated instance is "the Hill of the Bell," in the peninsula of Sinai; and another was discovered by the lamented Hugh Miller in the island of Elg.

days together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of friends coming to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best do . . . but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out, with a most vehement voice, 'I will walk in the strength of the Lord God!' so they gave back and came no further."

We now pass to another of our travellers, and one still less generally known, viz., John Marignolli, the papal legate of 1338, of whom we have already spoken briefly. This dignitary of the Church is not a sage; his garrulous reminiscences show an incontinent vanity, and an incoherent lapse from one subject to another, matched by nothing in literature except the conversation of Mrs. Nickleby. But he is a man of considerable reading, and his recollections of what he saw often form very vivid and graphic pictures, whilst his veracity is unimpeachable.

As a first extract we shall give a sample of the incoherency of some of his recollections, though really it is impossible in translation not to modify and soften the effect of the original *Nicklebyism*. This is from a chapter headed, "Concerning the Clothing of our First Parents." (You must remember that the book is professedly a chronicle of Bohemia, to which such a subject of course legitimately belongs):—

"And the Lord made for Adam and his wife coats of skins and clothed them therewith. But if it be asked, Whence the skins?—the answer usually made is, either that these were expressly created (which savours not of wisdom!); or that an animal was slain for the purpose (and this is not satisfactory, seeing that 'tis believed animals were created first in pairs only, and there had been no time for the multiplication of the species). Now, then, I say (but pray don't think I mean to dogmatize), that for *pelliceas*, we should read *fliceas*, or for coats of *fur*, coats of *fibre*. For among the fronds of the cocoa-nut, of which I have spoken before, there grows a sort of fibrous web, forming an open network of coarse dry filaments, and to this day among the people of Ceylon and India it is customary to make of those fibres wet-weather blankets for those rustics whom they call *camalls*, whose business it is to carry burdens, and also to carry men and women upon their shoulders in palankins, such as are mentioned in Canticles, *Ferculum fecit sibi Salomon de lignis Libani*, whereby is meant a portable litter, such as I used to be carried in when I was at Zaiton and in India.* A cloak, such as I mean, of this *camall* cloth (not *camel* cloth), I wore till I got to Florence, where I left it in

the sacristy of the Minor Friars. No doubt the raiment of John Baptist was of this kind. For as regards *camel's hair*, that is, next to silk, the softest stuff in the world, and never could have been meant. By the way—speaking of camels—I once found myself in company with an innumerable multitude of camels and their foals in that immense desert by which you go down from Babylon of the Confusion towards Egypt, by way of Damascus; and of Arabs also there was no end! Not that I am meaning to say there were any camels in Ceylon. No; but there were innumerable *elephants*. And these, though they be most ferocious monsters, scarcely ever do any harm to a foreigner. I even *rode* on an elephant once! It belonged to the Queen of Saba. That beast did really seem to have the use of reason—if it were not contrary to the faith to say such a thing!"

In an earlier passage, the legate thus describes his reception by the emperor at Cambalec:—

"But the great Kaam, when he beheld the great horses, and the Pope's presents, with his letter, and King Robert's[†] likewise, with their golden seals, and when he saw us also, rejoiced greatly, being delighted—yea, exceedingly delighted—with everything, and he treated us with the greatest honour. And when I entered the Kaam's presence, it was in full festival vestments, with a very fine cross carried before me, and candles and incense, whilst *Credo in Unum Deum* was chaunted in that glorious palace in which he dwells. And when the chaunt was ended, I bestowed a plenary benediction, which he received with all humility. And so we were dismissed to one of the imperial apartments, which had been most elegantly fitted up for us; and two princes were appointed to attend to all our wants. And this they did in the most liberal manner, not merely as regards meat and drink, but even down to such things as paper for lanterns; whilst all necessary servants were also detached from the court to wait upon us."

You will observe that among the presents sent to the emperor in the legate's charge were certain *Destriers* or "great horses." Now it is pleasing to find that though our legate himself has no place in the Chinese annals, these great horses *have*. Under our year, 1342, that of Marignolli's arrival at Peking, it is recorded that there were presented to the emperor certain horses of the kingdom of *Fulang* (*Farang* or Europe) of a breed till then unknown in China. One of these horses was *eleven feet and a half* in length, and *six feet eight inches* high, and was black all over except the hind feet. This present was highly appreciated. And Père Gaubil

* The word intended by the good bishop is the Arabic *Bhamal*, a porter; still the usual word for a palanquin-bearer in Western India.

† Of Naples.

mentions also that a portrait of this horse was in the last century still preserved in the imperial palace, with all the dimensions carefully noted. This vast animal was surely the prototype of the *Black Destrier* which Mr. Millais painted under Sir Ysenbras several years ago!

Of his residence in Malabar, and the Christians of St. Thomas there, Marignolli says:—

“These latter are the masters of the public steel-yard, from which I derived during my stay, as a perquisite of my office as Pope's legate, a hundred gold *fanams* every month, and a thousand when I came away. There is a church of St. George there, of the Latin communion, at which I dwelt. And I adorned it with fine paintings, and taught therein the Holy Law. And after I had been there some time, I went beyond the glory of Alexander the Great when he set up his column. For I also erected a stone as my landmark and memorial, and anointed it with oil! In sooth, it was a marble pillar, with a stone cross upon it, intended to last till the world's end. And it had the Pope's arms and my own engraven upon it with inscriptions both in Indian and Latin characters. I consecrated and blessed it in the presence of an infinite multitude of people, and I was carried on the shoulders of the chiefs in a litter, or palankin, like Solomon's.”

We all know of the altars that Alexander erected on the banks of Hyphasis; but the imagination of his legendary biographers in later days was not satisfied with his turning aside from India barely entered—(who indeed does not feel a fresh disappointment every time that the story is read?)—and in defiance of history they prolonged his expedition to the ends of the earth. The story how he reached the land of the Seres, at the extremity of Asia, and there erected a stone pillar, on which he inscribed, “Thus far came Alexander, king of the Macedonians,” is nearly as old as classic times. We have some reason to believe that the pillar which our friend the legate thus erected in ambitious rivalry with Alexander, survived to our own day. The Dutch chaplain, Baldaens, writing in the latter part of the seventeenth century, says:—“Upon the rocks near the seashore of Quilon stands a stone pillar, erected there, as the inhabitants report, by St. Thomas. I saw this pillar in 1662.” Three hundred years of tradition might easily swamp the dim memory of John the Legate in that of Thomas the Apostle. Mr. Day, in his “Land of the Permauls,” tells us that this pillar still exists; but Mr. Broadley Howard, in a recent work on the Malabar Christians, says it was

washed away some years ago. We wish this notice may lead some one on that coast to inquire about it still.

We now come to the last of the travellers of whom it has been proposed to speak particularly. This is Abn Abdallah Mahomed, surnamed Ibn Batuta, the traveller, *par excellence*, of the Arab nation, as he was hailed by a saint of his religion whom he visited in India. He was born at Tangier, in Morocco, in 1304.

We cannot go into great detail on the wanderings of this traveller on a great scale. Suffice it to say that between his starting on his first journey at the age of twenty-one, and his final settlement in his native land at the age of fifty-one, his travels extended over a distance which, as well as we can compute it by a rough compass measurement, without allowance for excesses and deviations, amounted to at least 75,000 English miles. During the thirty years of his wanderings, he four times made the pilgrimage to Mecca, on one occasion residing there for three years; he traversed all Egypt twice, and both coasts of the Red Sea; he visited the eastern shores of Africa as far down as Quiloa in 9° south latitude; he several times visited Babylonia and Ispahan; he three times traversed Syria, visited all the Turkish sultanates into which Asia Minor was then divided; stayed a short time at Constantinople, and twice with Uzbek Khan on the banks of the Wolga, penetrating north to Bulgar on that river, a city standing in nearly the latitude of Carlisle. He then travelled across the steppes to Bokhara, and through Khorasan and Kabul, crossing the Hindu Kush by that very Panjsher valley where Friar Odoric saw such wonders. He then proceeded to Sind and Multan, and there received an invitation to the court of Mahomed Tughlak of Delhi, a soldier, a scholar, a patron of learned men, and at the same time one of the most sanguinary and capricious tyrants in history. Ibn Batuta continued about eight years in this sovereign's service, drawing a handsome salary, yet constantly getting into debt, and hanging like a perfect horse-leech on the royal bounty.

Towards the end of his residence at Delhi he fell into disfavour and suspicion, and in his fear betook himself to intense devotion and ascetic observances, giving all that he possessed to dervishes and the poor (he says nothing of his creditors!). The king hearing of his reformed character, sent for him and named him chief of an embassy to China.

It was an ill-starred appointment. After a progress in state through Central India to Guzerat, where they embarked for Malabar, the party awaited at Calicut the departure of the China junks, which then annually visited the ports of Southern India. The Zamorin, or Prince of Calicut, had prepared accommodation for the mission on board one of the large junks; but Ibn Batuta, having ladies with him, went to the shipping agent to obtain a private cabin for them, having, it would seem, in his usual happy-go-lucky style, deferred this to the last moment. The agent told him that the cabins were all taken up by the Chinese merchants (who had apparently *return-tickets*); there was one, however, without fittings, belonging to his own son-in-law, which Ibn Batuta could have. So one Thursday afternoon, in the early summer of 1343, our traveller's baggage and slaves, male and female, were put on board, while he stayed on shore to attend the Friday service before embarking. His colleagues with the presents for China were already on board. Next morning early his head-servant came to complain that the cabin was a wretched hole, and would never do. Appeal was made to the captain, a person who was; as Ibn Batuta tells us, "a great Amir," or, as our vulgar term would aptly translate it, "a very great swell." The captain said he could do nothing (so captains *always* say); but if they liked to go in a smaller vessel, called a *kakam*, it was at their service. Our traveller consented, and had his baggage and his womankind transferred to the *kakam*. The sea then began to rise (for the south-west monsoon had set in), and he could not embark. When he got up on Saturday morning he found both the junk and the *kakam* had weighed and left the harbour, and a gale of wind blowing. The junk was wrecked; the bodies of Ibn Batuta's colleagues in the embassy were cast up on the beach; and the *kakam*'s people, seeing what had befallen their consort, made sail, carrying off with them our traveller's slaves, his girls, and gear, and leaving him there on the beach of Calicut gazing after them, with naught remaining to him but his prayer-carpet, ten pieces of gold, and an emancipated slave; which last absconded forthwith!

We cannot follow Ibn Batuta during the next few years' adventures, which carried him about the ports of Malabar, the Maldine Islands, Ceylon, and Madura; but eventually he found his way to Bengal, which he calls "an *inferno* full of good things," and thence to Sumatra and China.

Here he professes still to have been received as the ambassador of Sultan Mahomed, and to have travelled over the whole length of the empire from Canton to Peking. That a part at least of his travels in China is genuine there can be no doubt, but it is highly questionable whether he ever was at Peking. His description of the palace arrangements there appears to be cooked up from his recollections of the Court of Delhi, and circumstances which he asserts to have taken place during his stay are totally inconsistent with Chinese history.

From China he returned *viâ* Sumatra to Malabar and Arabia, and thence, by devious wanderings, at last reached Fez, the capital of his native country, in 1349, after an absence of twenty-four years.

Here he professes to have rejoiced in the presence of his own Sultan, whom he declares to surpass all the mighty monarchs of the East: in dignity, him of Irak; in person, him of India; in manner, him of Yemen; in courage, the king of the Turks; in long-suffering, the Cæsar of Constantinople; in devotion, him of Turk-estan; and in knowledge, him of Sumatra! — a list of comparisons so oddly selected as almost to suggest irony. After all that he has seen, he comes to the conclusion that there is no country like his own west. "It is," says he, "the best of all countries. You have fruit in plenty; good meat and drink are easily come by; and, in fact, its blessings are so many that the poet has hit the mark when he sings:—

'Of all the four quarters of heaven the best
(I'll prove it past question) is surely the west!
'Tis the west is the goal of the sun's daily
race!

'Tis the west that first shows you the moon's
silver face!'

The *dirhems* of the west are but little ones, 'tis true; but then you get more for them!" (Just as in the good old days of another dear Land of the West; where, if the pound was but twentypence, the pint anyhow was two quarts!)

His travels, however, were not yet over; he traversed Andalusia and Granada, and penetrated to the heart of Negroland, before he finally settled. He died in 1377-78, aged seventy-three.

Ibn Batuta has drawn his own character in an accumulation of slight touches through the long history of his wanderings; but to do justice to the result in a few lines would require the hand of Chaucer, and something perhaps of his freedom of speech. Not wanting in acute.

ness nor in humane feeling; full of vital energy and enjoyment of life; infinite in curiosity; daring, restless, impulsive, sensual, inconsiderate, and extravagant; superstitious in his regard for the saints of his religion, and plying devout observances, especially when in difficulties; doubtless an agreeable companion, for we always find him welcomed at first, but clinging like one of the Ceylon leeches which he describes, when he found a full-blooded subject, and hence too apt to disgust his patrons, and to turn to intrigues against them. Such are the impressions which one reader at least has gathered from the surface of his narrative.

We shall now quote one or two passages as examples of his narrative. The following extract shows how the Chinese so long ago, though without the aid of photography, had anticipated a modern expedient of the detective police:—

"As regards painting, no nation, whether of Christians or others, can come up to the Chinese; their talent for this art is something quite extraordinary. I may mention, among astonishing illustrations of this talent of theirs which I have witnessed myself, viz., that whenever I have happened to visit one of their cities, and to return to it after a while, I have always found my own likeness and those of my companions, painted on the walls, or exhibited in the bazars. On one occasion that I visited the emperor's own city, in going to the imperial palace with my comrades, I passed through the bazar of the painters; we were all dressed after the fashion of Irák. In the evening, on leaving the palace, I passed again through the same bazar, and there I saw my own portrait and the portraits of my companions, painted on sheets of paper, and exposed on the walls. We all stopped to examine the likenesses, and everybody found that of his neighbour to be excellent! . . . Indeed, the thing is carried so far that, if by chance a foreigner commits any action that obliges him to fly from China, they send his portrait into the outlying provinces to assist the search for him, and whenever the original of the portrait is discovered, they apprehend the man."

The next extract illustrates strikingly the manner in which the freemasonry of common religion facilitated the wanderings of the Mahomedans over the world. The traveller is staying at the city of Kanjanfu, apparently Kianchanfu in Kiangsi, where as usual he is hospitably received by his co-religionists:—

"One day, when I was in the house of Zahiruddin al Kurlani (the sheikh of the Mahomedans in this city), there arrived a great boat, which was stated to be that of one of the

most highly-respected doctors of the law among the Mussulmans of those parts. They asked leave to introduce this personage to me, and accordingly he was announced as 'Our master, Kiwámuddin the Ceutan.*' I was surprised at the appellation; and when he had entered, and after exchanging the usual salutations we had begun to converse together, it struck me that I knew the man. So I began to look at him earnestly, and he said, 'You look as if you knew me.' 'From what country are you?' I asked. 'From Ceuta.' 'And I am from Tangier!' So he recommenced his salutations, moved to tears at the meeting, till I caught the infection myself. I then asked him, 'Have you ever been in India?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I have been at Delhi, the capital.' When he said that, I recollected about him, and said, 'Surely you are Al-Bushri?' 'Yes, I am.' He had come to Delhi with his maternal uncle, Abu'l Kasim of Murcia. . . . I had told the Sultan of India about him, and he had given him 3,000 dinárs, and desired to keep him at Delhi. He refused to stay, however, for he was bent on going to China, and in that country he had acquired much reputation and a great deal of wealth. He told me that he had some fifty male slaves and as many female; and, indeed, he gave me two of each, with many other presents. Some years later, I met this man's brother in Negroland. What an enormous distance lay between those two!"

This meeting, in the heart of China, of the two Moors from the adjoining towns of Tangier and Ceuta, has a parallel in that famous, but we fear mythical, story of the capture of the Grand Vizier on the Black Sea by Marshal Keith, then in the Russian service. The venerable Turk's look of recognition drew from the marshal the same question that Al-Bushri addressed to Ibn Batuta, and the answer came forth in broad Fifeshire dialect—"Eh man! ay; I mind you weel, for my father was the bellman of Kirkaldy!"

Like all the travellers of that age, Ibn Batuta seems to lack words to describe the magnitude and glories of the city of Kinsai, or Hangcheufu. He represents himself as received with great honour there, both by the Mahomedan colony and by the officials of the Mongol government. The following, last of our extracts, refers to this:—

"The Amir Kustai (the Viceroy of the Province) is the greatest lord in China. He offered us hospitality at his palace, and gave us an entertainment at which the dignitaries of the city were present. He had got Mahomedan cooks to kill the cattle and cook the dishes for us, and this lord, great as he was, carved the

* i.e. of Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar.

meats and helped us with his own hands! We were his guests for three days, and one day he sent his son to escort us on a trip on the canal. We got into one barge, whilst the young lord got into another, taking singers and musicians along with him. The singers sang songs in Chinese, Arabic, and Persian. The lord's son was a great admirer of the Persian songs, and there was one of them sung by them which he caused to be repeated several times, so that I got it by heart from their singing. This song had a pretty cadence in it, and thus it went:—

'My heart given up to emotions
Was o'erwhelmed in waves like the ocean's,
But, betaking me to my devotions,
My troubles were gone from me!'

Crowds of people in boats were on the canal. The sails were all of bright colours, the people carried parasols of silk, and the boats themselves were gorgeously painted. They skirmished with one another, and pelted each other with lemons and oranges. In the afternoon we went back to pass the evening at the Amir's palace, where the musicians came again and sang very fine songs.

"That same night a juggler, who was one of the Great Kaan's slaves, made his appearance, and the Amir said to him, 'Come and show us some of your wonders!' Upon this he took a wooden ball with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. (It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court.) There now remained only a short end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him. The conjuror then called to him three times, but, getting no answer, he snatched up a knife, as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong, and disappeared in his turn! By-and-by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and the other foot, then the trunk, and, last of all, the head! Lastly, he came down himself, puffing and blowing, and with his clothes all bloody, kissed the ground before the Amir, and said something to him in Chinese. The Amir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places, and gave a kick, when presto! there was the boy who got up and stood before us! All this astonished me beyond measure, and I

had an attack of palpitation. . . . They gave me a cordial, however, which cured the attack. The Kazi of Khansi, Af karuddin by name, was sitting next to me, and quoth he, 'Wallah! 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring nor mending; 'tis all hocus pocus!'

With this marvellous story of prestidigitation, and the learned Kazi's comment on it, we must close these extracts.

The subject is large — China indeed in any point of view is a large subject — and it has been difficult to compress without running to dry bones. But we trust even this fragmentary view of one phase of the history of communication with the Chinese may have preserved some small flavour of that interest which has always attached to that remote and peculiar nation. The ancients felt this in the dim legends which crossed the length of Asia about the Seres dwelling in secluded peace and plenty on the shores of the Eastern Ocean; mediæval Christendom was strangely fascinated by the stories which these travellers, of whom we have been speaking, brought home — of the vast population, riches, and orderly civilization of this newly-revealed land of Cathay; the rediscovery of the country as China by the Portuguese kindled a fresh curiosity which three centuries of partial knowledge scarcely abated. Familiarity of late years has in some degree wrought its proverbial result; but among all the clouds of change that are thickening on the world's horizon, some are surely big with great events for this hive of four hundred millions, for whom also Christ died. The empire, which has a history as old as the oldest of Chaldaea, seems to be breaking up. It has often broken up before, and been again united; it has often been conquered, and has either thrown off the yoke or absorbed its conquerors. But *they* derived what civilization they had from the land which they invaded. The internal combustions that are *now* heaving the soil come in contact with a new and alien element of western origin. Who can guess what shall come of *that* chemistry?

* We may note that the "pretty cadence" of the lines which Ibn Batuta gives in the Persian, is precisely that of —

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear!"

* Omitting the marvellous disappearance in the air, this trick is still a favourite in China. See Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," London ed., 1863, p. 548.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
TRANSPORTATION TO SIBERIA.

KASAN, the town on the River Volga where the present lines are written, offers great advantages for the study of transportation to Siberia. It is the gathering place towards which convicts from all parts of Russia are despatched in order to be afterwards sent on to their destination. A great deal of important information on this subject is contained in the recent work of Maximov, "Siberia and its Convict Prisons" (3 vols. 8vo, St. Petersburg, 1871), a book written in Russian, and therefore as yet nearly unknown in Western Europe.

The system of transportation has, like most Russian institutions, undergone a profound change for the better during the present reign. Since 1867, no Western observer could witness those terrible marches of fettered prisoners, driven on like herds of cattle by mounted Cossacks, which form one of the principal horrors in many of the still current books on Russia. The convicts at present arrive in Kasan by water conveyance on the Volga. To that river they are sent by rail. The long journey from Kasan to Tomsk, in Siberia, is again almost entirely performed by water, on the rivers Volga, Kama, Tur, Tobal, Irtysh, Ob, and Tom. Only from the river Kama to the river Tur (from Perm to Tjumén) across the mountainous boundary between Europe and Asia, the prisoners are carried on carts drawn by the three-horse teams (*troiki*) of the Russian post-service.

The floating prisons in which the prisoners travel on the rivers are large barges towed by powerful steamers. These barges are very conveniently constructed. Below deck there is but one cabin, sufficiently aired and lighted—the principal prison room. The guard room, the office, and the kitchen are on the deck, of which they occupy less than one-third. The rest of the deck forms a large cage; iron posts support a roof of sheet-iron, and between the posts a net of thick iron wire is extended—at once the safest and the airiest of prisons. This floating prison would be very comfortable if it were not so terribly overcrowded. Water conveyance is in these high latitudes limited to less than twenty weeks in the year, and the most has, therefore, to be made of it. Neither the prison-barges nor the temporary prisons in Kasan and other towns are nearly sufficient for the convicts; the numbers confined in them are on an average nearly double those for which the localities are

constructed. This overcrowding is easily supported by convicts who stay only a few days in the temporary prisons, and by the prisoners in the cage, where the air is always fresh. In the cabins of the floating prisons, however, and in Kasan during the winter, the air breathed by the convicts is foul beyond description. The only consolation is that sickness and mortality in the convict gaol of Kasan are not excessive.

A glance into one of the prison cages discloses a very curious picture. Most prisoners wear the convict garb, which is as ugly here as in other countries: a kind of cloak with sleeves, of a dirty drab-colour, disfigured by the letters S I B. (Siberio) on the back; these letters being inlaid in yellow cloth. A shapeless cap of the same material as the cloak completes the costume, which seems to answer its purpose very well, for the cloth is thick and firm. Even under that uniform garb many national types may be distinguished; from the stolid, flat-faced Finnish tribes, some of them almost like Esquimaux, to the sharp features of the Jew, and the beautiful face and form of the Circassian mountaineer. The wearing of the prison garb seems besides not to be obligatory even for the greatest criminals, and many of them wear entirely or partly their own clothing: the Circassian the national cloak with its rows of cases for cartridges sewn on the breastcloth, and the shaggy fur cap; the Tartar, the pointed felt hat over the skull-cap which covers his shaven head, and the long caftan; the Russian peasant, his greasy great-coat of sheepskin. Most prisoners have good, well-shaped boots, which guard their ankles against the friction of the chain; others wear the national foot clothing of linden-bast over the linen rags which they tie round their feet and legs. The only chains worn are fetters attached to the two ankles, and lifted up in the middle by means of a strap fastened up to the loins (I believe by a girdle). These chains are not very heavy, and the prisoners walk freely enough with them; yet the clinking of the irons makes one shudder. Such chains are worn only by those who are sentenced to hard labour, while those who are sentenced merely to settle in Siberia wear no chains whatever.

Groups of women and children are mixed up with the male prisoners; the women being in the proportion of about one to six and the children one to twelve to the men. Two-thirds of the women are likewise convicts, the remainder and all the children are merely passengers.

For the Russian Government, in order to encourage emigration, offers free passages to the families of all those that are sent out to Siberia; an advantage generally appreciated by the wives, though as yet very little by the husbands of convicts. In 1860, the last year for which Maximov gives the statistics, 6,000 male prisoners were accompanied by 326 free women and 566 children; while 700 women were accompanied only by four free men.

The new system of transportation owes its origin to the energy and the spirited enterprise of a Russian merchant, Mr. Kolchin, like most Russian merchants, the son of a peasant. He is the owner of all the prison barges on the Volga and Kama, as well as on the Siberian waters; and likewise of the steamers by which the barges are towed. These steamers carry passengers and merchandise; and though their freights are much lower than those of the other passenger lines, they are, with their barges in tow, nearly as fast as the other steamers; and the accommodation for passengers is as good as elsewhere. Mr. Kolchin has an extensive establishment at Nijni-Novgorod, where the machinery for all his vessels is made, and where the ships for the European lines are constructed. They are among the best steamers on Russian rivers; though most of the steamers on the Volga and Kama belonging to other owners are constructed in England or in Belgium.

Only a part of the prisoners go as far as Tomsk. At various stations along the rivers, especially at Tobolsk, parties of prisoners are landed in order to be distributed in the more westerly parts of Siberia, where most of those who are sentenced merely to settle in Siberia, and not to hard labour, remain. From the stations to the final places of destination the journey is continued on foot. Those who go for hard labour to the convict establishments in eastern Siberia still march in chains from Tomsk. As far as they are concerned, the old system of transportation is still kept on.

This system, though very severe and cruel for the political prisoner, is much less so for the Russian peasant. Its defects are certainly very great. The stations where the prisoners remain overnight are wretched, and are often unbearably filthy. The officers who command the prisoners are not always very scrupulous, and often use their discretionary power to obtain money, by granting or withholding favours which ought not to be conceded—permission to buy

spirits, to take off the fetters, &c. But all these drawbacks are much lessened by the feeling of companionship between officers and convicts; a feeling which no explanation can make intelligible to the haughty aristocratic officers of Teutonic blood. The word "brethren" (*bratci*) is often addressed, and in good earnest too, by the officer to the convicts. Savage altercations like those which but too frequently happened between the fierce Poles and the officers to whom they were entrusted, and the atrocious punishments inflicted after such strife, never happen between officers and common criminals.

A remarkable Russian institution, likewise not easily intelligible to the Western public, the *artel*, contributes very much to lessen the sufferings necessarily attached to a march of thousands of miles, performed with fettered legs. Whenever a number of Russians of the peasant class work together they speedily form an organized body with an elected chief, and with equal rights and duties for all the members. Such a body is called an *artel*, and breaches of faith of its members towards each other are so absolutely unknown that they are considered impossible. This same organization is adopted by the convicts, and, strange to say, the same faithfulness which belongs to all *artels* also characterizes those formed by the outlaws. Nay, when the members pledge their "word of honour" for each other, the promise may be safely relied on, even by the officers who guard them. The elders (*starosti*) at the head of the convict *artels* administer the money, make all the necessary purchases, and strike those bargains with the officers to which we have above alluded.

Maximov describes very prettily, and as an eye-witness, the loves of male and female convicts; how the lovers manage by money, cunning, and even by violence, to meet and to travel together; and how especially the carts on which the prisoners cross the Ural Mountains are made useful for travelling in common. These affections exercise a good influence, and would be infinitely more productive of good if the Russian law promoted—instead of hindering—the marriages of convicts.

Flights from the prison barges are impossible; but from the parties travelling on foot, and especially from the convict establishments themselves, they are extremely frequent. From some of these establishments nearly one-half of the prisoners have at various times made attempts

at flight, and Western Siberia, as well as the eastern parts of Russia swarm with runaway convicts.

From The Spectator.

A THOUGHT ON THE FUTURE STATE.

THE tendency to believe in a future state does not in this country decrease. Every other form of scepticism flourishes, and finds new votaries; but the notion that "death is an eternal sleep," that we "perish like the flowers," so widely diffused on the Continent as to be almost conterminous with scepticism, has in this country very little hold,—less, we believe, than it had fifty or thirty years ago. One cause, perhaps, of the difference between Englishmen and Continentals in the matter is, that Englishmen's lives are too dull, too full of exertion and care, for them not to *wish* to believe in a happier and brighter state; but another is the visible diminution in the hostility once entertained by science to the idea. Science is for the moment the solvent which is destroying or eating away the old beliefs, and science has become somewhat suddenly tolerant of a future life; asks why it should be more wonderful for us to live again than to live now; why it should be more impossible for us to be there than to be here; why we should be so energetically curious about the whence, and so irritable against curiosity as to the whither? There is a disposition to speculate on what the future state may be, instead of indulging in silent contempt at the proposition that it can be at all; a readiness to consider whether, the possibility of a second life being granted, we cannot arrive at some conclusions, as to the peculiarities by which that life, if the logic holds true, must inevitably be marked. There is no reason why such speculation, though offered without reference to revealed truth, should be sterile; or why the mind should not on this, as on so many other topics, satisfy itself that certain conditions are inevitable; and we hope yet to see many minds, the scientific as well as the theological, earnestly thinking out the problem what those conditions may be. Till they are approximately ascertained speculation will be wasted, and they certainly are not clearly ascertained yet. The late Professor John Grote, for example, in the very curious and suggestive fragment found among his papers after his death, and now published in this

month's *Contemporary Review*, throws out an idea which, if logically pursued, would, we conceive, violate one of the first of these conditions.

There cannot, we submit, be such a chasm between this life and the next as shall amount to a solution of mental continuity. If there is, the next life is not a next life, but another and separate life, and existence might just as well begin there. It is not that the worm has become a moth, but that the worm was needless to produce the moth; that this life is a waste, which it is useless to cultivate, because the crop could never be used. Everybody will instantly understand that this is true about one of the few mental faculties which appear to be wholly or almost wholly material. A good deal of the collected evidence about memory suggests that recollection is in some way physical; that an impression once made on the brain, stops there like a picture on the collodion film, that though blurred or obscured, it can never be wholly effaced, and may reappear without the consent of the will. At least that is what the phenomena of recovered recollections—the recollections, for instance, of words which have been forgotten, and the meaning of which was never understood,—would seem to suggest, and if that were true, memory would be one of the faculties left behind in the present world. And yet if it were left, this life would be but a waste, and the new man born there as new as if he had never been. That is perhaps the strongest argument against the ancient theory,—still very firmly held by one or two very able men,—that another life may have preceded this, for if it did, the old life would afford an instance of waste which nothing in the visible laws of the universe induces observers to think possible. The memory, therefore, must continue; that will be admitted; but so must other things, too, which are not quite so clear. Among these is the sense of limitation of power. The popular notion that a good man at death becomes a kind of inferior deity, an angel, a notion absolutely without warrant in Scripture, and imported into Christianity from a totally different system of thought, would involve a solution of continuity almost as complete as the extinction of memory. The man would rise, not himself, developed, but a new being, with a brain for example so enlarged that nothing done in the original life could seem of importance, so free from the limitations of human nature as to be unable to benefit by human experi-

ence. The link with the past would be broken as completely as by the disappearance of memory, every act and circumstance showing in a light so different that their old meaning would disappear, would cease to be a meaning. The man-angel would be studying as he looked back, not himself, but an inferior creature between whom and himself would be no binding link except compassion. It is hard enough to conceive how identity can continue when the body has disappeared; how the mind, when newly embodied, when freed from those mysterious restraints which the present body imposes on it, from the colourings with which it invests it, from the limits within which it confines it—for instance, mental fatigue must be an accident of the corporeal medium—can remain the same mind at all, any more than a man's identity could remain the same if, being in all circumstances of ancestry, training, &c., English, he became by miracle in all those circumstances French. It is nearly as difficult to conceive of the junction-point between the mind as it is, and the mind not only made sinless, but devoid of the possibility of sin; between minds as we know them, and minds to which an unknown future is never present; but if, in addition to all these changes, so wide-reaching in their influence, the powers are not gradually developed, but enormously and suddenly expanded, the difficulty would be inconceivably increased. The fish would not rise a fish, but a bird, which is not a true continuance of the fish, a bird not being a glorified fish, but a bird. Professor Grote goes surely too far in that direction, when he suggests that our sympathy with all other beings in the next world will be perfect, and that undisguisedness will therefore be inevitable and absolute. Why? Surely, if sympathy with all is perfect, one of the most effective links of continuity, the limitation of sympathy, will disappear, and the mind understanding all, and sympathizing with all equally, all the affections, as we call them, would cease, and all the relations of humanity be meaningless. The ancient and beautiful thought which has cheered so many bereaved ones, that separation is only for a time, would be without object; for though we should meet again, it would be in relations to which the former relations would have no relation. The love between parent and child, for example, so far as it is not the result of circumstances and physical similarity of constitution—all which circumstances and similarity must cease

at death—is the product of superior sympathy, which sympathy would be merged, lost in the universal sympathy of which Professor Grote has spoken. It may be of course that the earthly affections are earthly, and end with earth; but there is no proof of that, and no reason for a suggestion which, besides being a melancholy one, is an additional difficulty in the way of continuity. So with that absolutely immovable idea in the British mind, always a mind conscious of weariness, that the next state will be one of perpetual rest, which would, if it were true, require conditions absolutely fatal to continuous identity. The mortal mind, and the mind which did all without exertion, could not be the same mind, any more than the mind of a plough-boy suddenly raised to the level of Newton would be the same. There would be a break in a case like that, a conscious break snapping the life in two, and giving the second half a new beginning. There must be strain, and effort, and progress there, as here; and it is wonderfully difficult to conceive that there is not in that strain and effort a possibility of failure, and therefore of unhappiness. The link between a mortal mind, and a mind not only free from unhappiness, but free from the conception that unhappiness could arrive, would be a very thin one, even if a change so inconceivably vast could be effected at all without snapping it. There must be ambition in heaven, if it be only to know more—for omniscience is no quality of created beings—and with it, if not suffering, at least comparative and varying degrees of happiness, which would be the same thing.

Hope has entered too much into our conception of a future state, and both faith and reason too little; and we cannot but think that one object of thinkers who accept eternal life should be to minify as far as reason and faith will let us the immediate results of the symptoms called death, to look them straight in the face, to see if there is any reason for supposing that man in the next world will be so dangerously different from this, that there is a possibility that this will be lost and forgotten as the soul recedes into time, to decide what limits, continuity being granted as a condition, that condition must of necessity involve. We believe it will be found to involve an enormous reduction in the extent of immediate change,—a reduction which, once thoroughly understood, will be of the highest encouragement to a race which, after all, in the

majority of cases, acutely dreads the capital punishment to which the Almighty's decree has sentenced it. And it may also be found to involve an idea, though this we admit is pure speculation, that the next life is not necessarily one piece, any more than the whole life of which this present life is one minute bit in one piece; that though the spirit is immortal, it may have stages; that the change we call death may be a recurrent phenomenon in immortality. Processes are not all even in geology; there are cataclysms; and why not in the history of man?

From The Spectator.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.*

ON turning over the pages of this most amusing and vivid book, one involuntarily exclaims, "What an innocent Jean Jacques!" There is the same intense impressionability, the same thin-skinned sensitiveness, which seems like vanity, but is not exactly it; and the same boldness in telling the whole truth of the inner workings of a human heart, with this mighty difference, that in Andersen there is no reason why the truth should not be told, and Jean Jacques by universal consent had far better have left a discreet veil fall over his morbid fancies.

Cold little Denmark, which probably (we confess that we have never been there) embodies in her national character the usual Northern qualities of calm sense and self-reliance, did not by any means appreciate the very peculiar boy, born of a very poor family in the little town of Ordense, who would not be a shoemaker and would be a poet, who was already said to declaim his own and other people's verses before the best company, who wept when he was harshly criticized, and wept equally when he was praised and petted, who was always praying with the direct faith of a Methodist or a Roman Catholic, and promised the Lord that if he would but let him be promoted to the first class in school, he would go to Holy Communion on the following Sunday,—"and that I also did." When, as a boy of fourteen, Andersen went up to Copenhagen to try his fortune, he had no education at all, and what was worse, he had no decent clothes. Having gone on the stage as one of a crowd, on the night when the operetta of

the "Two Savoyards" was performed, he was afraid to stand upright because his waistcoat was too short to meet his trousers, and the people laughed, and no wonder. Poor little Andersen "left the stage full of anguish." How he got himself put to school, and rose against hope and expectation, being hourly snubbed by the rector, who seemed to have an irresistible pleasure in teasing the over-sensitive boy, he tells us with inexpressible *naïveté*. When he was four-and-twenty, in 1833, the tide turned. He got a small travelling grant, from the King, and set off for France and Italy. While he was away he continued to receive snubbing letters from Copenhagen, which gave him a pain which he showed so openly that the Danes with whom he associated in Rome said, "Have you got another letter from home?" Andersen went back after an Italian winter, carrying with him the first chapter of the "Improvisatore," written in the Eternal City. He continued it at Saco, in Denmark, "in a little chamber in the roof, among fragrant lime trees." It was finished in Copenhagen, and dedicated to Councillor Collin, through whom he had been sent to school. It needs not to be said that the novel made him an immediate reputation; that though the critics said nothing, the public bought and read; that it was translated into German, French, English, Russian, and Swedish, and lifted its author into European fame.

It is by the "Improvisatore" and the "Ugly Duckling" that Andersen is chiefly known among us. The novel is steeped in a rich perfume of Italy; it is marvellous that one winter in Rome should have so unlocked for Andersen, the treasures of Southern life. In Hawthorne's "Transformation" we are always aware that it is the refined and mystical American who sees and appreciates Rome; in "Corinne" we have Rome admirably given as the central Academy of Europe; but the Dane has caught the poetic side of the people, something at which Madame de Staël never arrived, and from which Geheimrath Goethe, with all his vast insight, was too far removed by his wealthy successful life to portray. As to the "Ugly Duckling," it is like the proverbs of Solomon, in everybody's mouth; one of those happy arrows which hit the bull's-eye. We ourselves have more pleasure in "O. T." and "Only a Fiddler," than in the famous "Wonder Stories," but it is these which are certainly best known in their English dress.

The interest of Andersen's autobiogra-

* *The Story of My Life.* By Hans Christian Andersen. London: Sampson Low.

phy lies in the astounding frankness with which he speaks of the people he has known all over Europe. Rachel, Jenny Lind, the Countess Hahn Hahn, and Frederica Bremer (*place aux dames!*) stand side by side in his pages with Thorwaldsen, Oehlenschläger, Dickens, and Dumas. Great names bristle all through the book, and it makes no difference to Andersen whether their owners be living or dead, in respect of what he says. He tells us how he went to one house near London for a couple of days, and was driven to "the country house of an old maiden lady;" and how, after a very hot drive, five persons in the carriage and three outside, he reached the old lady, "who, no doubt, was of the literary kind" (it must have been Joanna Baillie's); and how there were a crowd of children with wreaths of beech or ivy on their heads who danced round a large beech tree; and how he sat in a hot arbour, and people came and talked to him. "A deaf authoress came who wrote political things, and many poets I had never heard of." The end of it was he had to go and lie down the whole afternoon. We think that if he had known enough English to read the "Crofton Boys" and "Feats on the Fiord," he would have tried to sit up and talk to Miss Martineau. Even "Dean Hook," with its calm delicate pictures of English life, he might have understood. He speaks of Dickens, "youthful and handsome, with a wise and kind expression; and long, beautiful hair, falling down on both sides." He went to Lady Blessington's, and got very fond of her, and speaks of her "mild and radiant face." "She was a blooming, somewhat corpulent lady, very elegantly dressed, and with sparkling rings on her fingers." He was greatly bothered to find no ladies at Gore House; only the best of Englishmen. "Lady Blessington made a very pleasant impression upon me; and in the great circles, when the noble ladies asked where I had been, I could not abstain from naming Lady Blessington. Then there was always a pause; I asked the reason why I was not to go there, or what was the matter with her; but I always got a short answer, that she was not a good woman." Andersen thought, what is true, that the moral line should be more clearly drawn, and that Dickens, Milnes, the Postmaster-General, "authors, journalists, and noblemen" either went far to make a house respectable, or should not have gone there themselves.

Lady Morgan took him to see Lady Duff Gordon, whom he whimsically calls

"a daughter of the authoress, Jane Austen." We notice that Andersen seems to have been uncomfortable and unwell in England, and speculate on what there may be in our climate and habits which so afflicts foreigners; for we, on our part, find many things supremely uncomfortable on first going abroad, such as the absence of carpets and washing apparatus. Who among us has not grumbled at being compelled to perform his morning ablutions in what he called contemptuously only "a pie-dish"? Andersen gives a whimsical description of a ride in an omnibus out to one of the London suburbs, to see some dear kind friend of his and ours who shall be nameless. "Before" says he, "I was well out of — all my limbs gave way, I felt very sick, and as weak as when at Naples; I came near fainting, and the omnibus every moment grew more thronged and warm. On the top it was full; *booted legs hung down before the windows.* I was several times about to say to the conductor, 'Carry me into a house, where I can stop, for I cannot hold up any longer here.' Heaven and earth! what would the conductor have said to such a request from one of the masculine sex, and a descendant of the Scalds?"

If in Andersen's youth he was the butt of an unsympathizing local public, who seem to have snubbed him and preached at him with a persistency which makes the reader smile, though to the poor poet it was no smiling matter, he was from almost the first upheld by people in high place. The King, who gave him his travelling pension, and a little later a small pension, similar to ours on the Civil List, was Frederick, son of the unfortunate Princess Matilda, of England. He was nephew to our George III., and had so long a reign that a whole generation had grown up with him. In 1839, a dramatic piece of Andersen's had been accepted. "The day of representation arrived, the bills were posted; I had not closed my eyes through the whole night from excitement and expectation; the people already stood in throngs before the theatre, to procure tickets, when royal messengers galloped through the streets, solemn groups collected, the minute-guns pealed — Frederick VI. had died that morning." He was succeeded by his first cousin, Christian VIII.; and this monarch, who as prince had always favoured Andersen, made of him a personal friend. Christian died in January, 1848, just before the great outbreak in Europe. When he was ill he sent for Andersen, who read him a couple

of chapters from his unfinished novel of the "Two Baronesses." This evening was, as it were, the last of peace for Denmark. Another Frederick succeeded to storm, quarrel, and war. He was childless, and in 1863 ended the old, old line which had governed Denmark for 400 years. Anderson tells us of all these things, and gives us vivid pictures of the little country with which we have been incessantly connected by marriage. We confess to have known nothing of Denmark till we read his novels, and now his autobiography, except, indeed, by one great name of Thorwaldsen. Nor is it possible here to do more than indicate the great store of anecdote which the volume contains. The poet's European fame among children even more than his large works, has brought him in contact with the best of every land.

We will conclude by a short extract, which admirably sums up the weakness and the strength of his character; the reasons why he has suffered so much from mockery, and the genuine power by which he has created a great career. The same theme has been treated in an English novel, now too much forgotten, called *Framlingham Hall*, published under a *nom de plume* by a now well-known writer, and has always seemed to us to embody a profound spiritual truth. These are the words of Hans Christian Andersen, speaking of himself, "I do not belong to the courageous; I feel fear, especially in little dangers; but in great ones, and when an advantage is to be won, then I have a will, and it has grown firmer with years. I may tremble, I may fear; but I still do that which I consider the most proper to be done. I am not ashamed to confess my weakness. I hold that when out of our own true convictions we run counter to an inborn fear, we have done our duty."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

RELIGIOUS AGITATION IN BAVARIA.

THE fierce contest between the old and new Catholic factions is raging just now with more violence than ever in this country: the followers of Döllinger claiming the appellation of Old or Orthodox Catholics, on account of their staunch adherence to the ancient Catholic dogma as it was before July 18, 1870. Small incidents are constantly occurring which serve to add fuel to the flame destined

to break out in open conflagration. Thus we hear of women at Burghäusen, in Bavaria, pleading to be divorced from their husbands because the latter have become disciples of Döllinger, a cause which they are certain to win, because the divorce courts are ecclesiastical and episcopal tribunals, and the German Catholic clergy is well known to be entirely on the Roman side in this conflict. Then, again, the Munich Orthodox Catholics, headed by Döllinger, Professor Friedrich, Count Moy, and other persons of note belonging either to the nobility or bureaucracy of Bavaria, have signed a petition to the Ministry, by which they claim one of the churches of Munich and also for their priests the right of registering births, marriages, and deaths, which is still in the hands of the clergy here. This demonstration has been met by the Neo-Catholics in a counterclaim on the part of the Faculty of Theology to institute new professors in the room of Döllinger and Friedrich, these two being excluded. The Ministry still wavers, and opinions are divided. Count Bray, the Premier, less decidedly adverse to Ultramontaniam than Lutz, the Minister for Public Instruction and Public Worship, was on the point of retiring and yielding his place to Prince Hohenlohe, but the aggressive demeanour of the Neo-Catholic party seems to have driven even him to the other side, and, owing to a better understanding between himself and his colleagues, the ministerial crisis is no longer imminent. A few days ago this strife seemed about to enter into a new phase of greater consequence. Professor Zeuger, greatly esteemed at this university for his learning, having refused his submission to the new dogma on his death-bed, the Sacrament and extreme unction were withheld from him by the clergy. Upon this Professor Friedrich, his excommunicated colleague, drove over to the Orthodox curate, Renfle, at Mering, to fetch consecrated oil, which he obtained, and hastening back administered to his dying friend. Two days later the distinguished heretic was followed to his grave by upwards of 20,000 people, among whom were a large proportion of the most distinguished inhabitants of Munich. Döllinger performed the burial rites, and the same evening the students made a solemn torch-procession (Fackelzug) to the freshly-made tomb. Meantime the papers are teeming with religious controversy. The curate Renfle addresses an open letter to his congregation to endeavour to make them understand that it is the Pope and bishops

who have abandoned the Catholic Church, and not he. The sons of M. Rohden, one of the most distinguished leaders of the Catholic party in the German Reichstag, and a man high in office in Prussia, writes to the *Kreuz-Zeitung* to protest against an infamous calumny, spread abroad by the Vicar-General Parmet and the Great Almoner Naznamowski, stating that their deceased father had recognized the dogma of Infallibility on his deathbed; whereas he had strenuously opposed it during the whole of his lifetime, and never made the slightest retraction. Now, again, we have Mgr. Kettler, Bishop of Mayence, publishing a remarkable letter from Cardinal Antonelli, intended to refute a statement of M. de Bismarck, in a communication to Count Frankenberg, to the purport that the Cardinal had especially expressed regret towards Count Tauffkirchen, the German envoy at Rome, at the demeanour of the Catholic party in the debate on the address which had taken place in the Reichstag. Cardinal Antonelli writes to Bishop Kettler that in his interview with Count Tauffkirchen he merely regretted the move of the Catholic party as inopportune, without ever blaming it in itself. The pious Bishop of Mayence as well as all the Ultramontane papers, more especially the *Germania*, loses no opportunity of vehemently inveighing against those who stigmatize the Neo-Catholics as hostile to the new Empire, although it is no secret that they did all they could to deter Bavaria from joining with Prussia in the late war and steadily favoured France, and, moreover, are busily at work sowing the seeds of discord in Alsace and inciting the Catholic population of that province against Germany. Meanwhile, the Pope neglects no opportunity of attempting a reconciliation with Dollinger, and seems determined not to leave a stone unturned in the hope of attaining this end. First, there suddenly appears Bishop Fessler, Secretary to the Council, who, taking the worthy canon by surprise, seeks by every means in his power to persuade the illustrious scholar to make some advance towards the Holy Father, insinuating that a way may yet be found to divest the declaration of infallibility of its dogmatical character by *interpretatione authentica*, rendering it a mere theological doctrine without obligation, &c. Dollinger, however, firmly resisted every temptation.

Soon after Bishop Fessler's visit, Canon Lammers turns up on his return from Rome to Breslau, although Munich was not exactly on his way, and again uses every possible argument his eloquence can devise to induce Dollinger to desist from opposition, beseeching him not to set up openly the standard of rebellion, and assuring him that his Holiness daily offered up prayers for him, to which he received the ironical reply that "it could only be for his body, his soul being excommunicated." So Canon Lammers was fain to leave Munich without better success than his precursor, the bishop. Now we hear of a third envoy likely shortly to renew the attempt, in a personage of Pius IX's intimacy. He will, I dare say, not be more fortunate than his predecessors, and yet I do not feel quite sure of the ultimate success of the independent party in Germany. The high rank of the clergy, intimidated by its bigoted lower orders, has long ago given way to fear. The lower orders of the clergy are fanatical in favour of the new dogma, and the ignorant multitude follows blindly their lead. By far the greater portion of the higher classes of society are either sceptical or indifferent in religious matters, so that in fact the movement is limited to those few persons belonging to the middle classes possessing faith strong enough to prompt them to run the risk of public scandal for its sake. Their only chance is in the evident interest the question has for the Governments. The King of Bavaria and his Ministers are decidedly with the Independents; Bismarck seems to think the moment arrived for a decisive move, and the Catholic papers already begin to foretell "that in this new battle he will most likely lose all those laurels he has won in his former campaigns." State interests are evidently so adverse to the pretensions of Rome that it is more than probable the several Governments will side with the Opposition, and in this alternative the importance of the movement would become incalculable. Let us only call to mind that when Henry VIII. of England, Frederick of Saxony, Philip of Hesse, and George of Brandenburg declared themselves in favour of Protestantism 350 years ago, the cause of the new faith—or rather, we ought to say, of the pure old faith—was immediately won.

From The Pall Mall Gazette
THE FRENCH PEASANT.

As I have lived during the greater part of the year for a long time past not only in France, but in a country-house in France far from the capital, and have observed the effects of recent events on the minds of my peasant neighbours, whom I see and talk to every day, I may be able to give a truer account of their ways of thinking than the regular tourist or town correspondent.

Among the deceptions of the last two months not one appears to have so greatly surprised the town public as the Republican peasant-vote at the last elections; but it did not so much surprise those who knew the peasants and lived among them. The rustic mind has movements of its own, and arrives at conclusions in its own way. But there is a movement of opinion among peasants, just as there is among the inhabitants of towns; and as the received theory about peasants is that their ideas are stationary, the received theory may from time to time suddenly surprise those who rely upon it by its manifest inapplicability. It was generally believed, for example, until the late elections, that the French peasant was Catholic and monarchial, and would consequently vote for the Legitimists, the only error in this appreciation of him being the assumption that what he had at one time thought and believed he would always continue to think and believe. Certainly he was Catholic and monarchial some years ago, but his views have considerably altered, and are, in fact, always slowly changing under the influence of passing events. The manner in which these events influence him can only be learned by talking with him day after day. He does not read newspapers, he seldom knows the real facts of contemporary history, and yet he receives news in a certain peculiar way of his own; and a public opinion forms itself in this class all the country over. What the peasants are saying and thinking in one department of France at any given time they are saying and thinking in other departments a hundred leagues away, though there may be no obvious communication between them. The notion which gains currency is always a myth; but a myth which is believed by millions in a country of universal suffrage may be worth the attention even of the enlightened. It happens, for example, that the Pope and the clergy are, and have been for a considerable time past, exceedingly unpopular with the French

peasantry, and at the same time that certain myths are current concerning the Pope which his cleverest advocates are for the present utterly unable to eradicate. Do the myths cause the Holy Father's unpopularity, or does the Holy Father's unpopularity cause the myths? I incline to the latter view, because I perceive that whenever the peasantry take a dislike to any one, myths arise immediately to justify the dislike. Now, the suspicion and animosity with which the Pope is at present regarded are not of quite recent origin. When Napoleon III. reoccupied Rome, the belief among the French peasantry turned against the Pope, and their explanation of the expedition was this:—The Pope, they said, wanted to be King of France; every one knew that to be the great object of his ambition; but the Emperor would take good care to prevent him. In the opinion of the French peasants the whole question lay between the Pope (in their conception a very powerful and dangerous temporal Sovereign) and the French nation, with regard to which the Pope had views of conquest. The expedition to Rome was a preventive expedition directed against the capital of an aggressive and threatening enemy. Italy was left entirely out of the question, and this quite naturally, because the existence of Italy is not yet known to the French peasantry. They only know those countries with which France has had some great and recent war. The existence and even the name of Switzerland, for example, are generally unknown to the peasantry of France, so are the names of all the smaller and pacific States. It is true that the Italians were allies of France in two recent wars, but the peasant does not comprehend alliances; in his conception his country fights alone. So—to return to the Pope—his notion about the Pope is that he is a powerful temporal Sovereign, very nearly able (yet not quite) to possess himself of the French throne, and most ambitious to occupy it. He has little or no respect for the spiritual authority of his Holiness, not comprehending a remote authority of that kind. The most grave mistake which Pius IX. ever committed, so far as the French peasantry are concerned, was that little trick about the silver coinage. Although the Pope remained outside of the monetary convention, the active Roman mint inundated France with franc-pieces bearing the benignant effigy of his Holiness. For a time this went on very prosperously, till at last the French Government, in pres-

ence of this ever-increasing inundation, reminded the people, as your readers will remember, that these pieces had no monetary value, and were only worth the value of the silver they contained. The practical consequence was that the peasants had to support a loss of two sous on every Papal franc in their possession. This they have never forgotten or forgiven. The association of ideas between that benignant portrait of the Pope and a loss of two sous was an association fatal to the Papal cause. The Roman treasury gained a not inconsiderable profit by the transaction, but the moral loss to the Papacy was incalculable. All the French Liberals rubbed their hands for joy, and chuckling, said, "The peasants will not like his Holiness after this." And the truth is, that since the peasants have lost two sous by the Pope they have thought and spoken evil of him continually. During the whole course of the war they firmly believed that the Pope was allied with the Prussians, that he subsidized the Prussian armies, and that the money collected by the priests throughout France, no matter on what pretext, was regularly transmitted to the enemy.

It would be a wrong inference, I imagine, to conclude that the peasants dislike the priests because they believe them to have sent money to the enemy; the dislike comes first, the unfavourable myths arise afterwards. The dislike is the mushroom bed, the myths are the mushrooms. Of late years a good deal of city scepticism has spread itself among the peasantry; and, although the women retain their old belief in what the Curé tells them, the men repeat what he says with quiet smiles of incredulity. Nothing can be more calm and tranquil than the scepticism of the sceptical peasant. When the women about him are telling some story of a miracle, he makes no remark beyond the very mildest expression of doubt, but he does doubt. He thinks that the legends of the Church are not to be accepted without reserve, but being at the same time well-aware that he is devoid of learning and unable to sift the credible from the incredible, he simply doubts about religion altogether.

His old attachment to monarchy did not so much spring from any affection for crowned heads as from a conviction that Government of some sort was necessary, and an entire incapacity to imagine any

Government but that of a King. Under a Monarchy the peasant has never any conception of Cabinet Government, but believes that the King rules. Ministerial changes are too rapid for him to follow, but when once he has learned the name of the King he can retain that one name during the whole reign. Beyond that the peasant is not monarchical. He only feels the necessity for a Government, that is all, and has a difficulty in understanding representative institutions. If you could once demonstrate to him that a Republic is not necessarily without a government, that it will protect him in his property, and not interfere with trade, he will abandon the King or Emperor very readily. During the struggle against the Commune he witnessed for the first time a Republic fighting for the protection of order and property, and his sympathies were at once gained to the Government. The peasant has really no political bias, all he wants is to be protected in the possession of his land and the sale of his produce. His confidence in the Emperor had grown chiefly out of satisfaction with the internal tranquillity of the country, and as he sees that, although under a Republic, he still retains possession of his land, and sells his cattle and wheat, he is beginning to look upon the Republic without alarm. There is no feeling of loyalty to an aristocracy in the French peasant of to-day. He does not care much for the great landowners, but he cares greatly about the land he owns himself. If the Republic lasts ten years and gives internal tranquillity, the conservative instincts of the peasantry will be as strongly enlisted in its favour as they were in favour of the Emperor. In the neighbourhood I live in the peasants voted with great independence at the last elections, and in opposition to the wishes of the great man of the locality. Under the Empire he had told them to vote against a certain candidate; this candidate presented himself again this last time, and the peasants were ordered to vote for him, the reason being that on the first occasion he was the most advanced of the candidates who presented themselves, whereas this time the other candidates were more advanced than he. However, the peasant mind is averse to change, and, having voted against the Orleanist under the Empire, voted against him also under the Republic.

From The Spectator.

A REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Lords have rejected the Ballot Bill without discussing it. So entirely and immovably is the temper of the House at variance with the policy of her Majesty's Government, of the House of Commons and of the Electorate, that even the Liberal Peers failed to attend; that the House refused by only 97 to 48 even to give the Bill a fair and respectful discussion; and that many Peers condescended to an argument which, if it had been more than a sneer, would have justified the abolition, not of their House only, but of their Order also. They said they preferred their holidays to their duty. They are invested with precedence in society, are exempted in all serious cases from the jurisdiction of her Majesty's Courts, and are entrusted with the extravagant power of annulling all the work of the representatives of the country, in order that they may improve legislation, and they assert that they will not take the trouble, that out of lives which are one long holiday they will not devote one month to work which the Government, the Commons, and the electors demand should be performed. They must, having done nothing, now have their recreation. The only answer to that argument would be to dispense finally with the duty which is so irksome, to withdraw their payment in honours for performing it, and to relegate them for good to the pleasant woods they are so loth to quit. Of course the plea was not real—the Lords would work if they wished—and was only put forward as the most lordly one they could think of, the true motive of the Peers' action being disgust with the whole course of modern legislation, with the policy of progress, and with the people who, according to Lord Shaftesbury, are unfit to be trusted with unwatched power. That disgust is sincere, is permanent, and is active; it will always, as now, stop the course of legislation, and it cannot be cured by an infusion of new blood, which in a generation would be as torpid as the old. It remains therefore only to substitute a working Legislature for the present two-headed monstrosity, and to that end the electors should, during this recess, think out a definite plan, so that at the next election no candidate may be carried not pledged first of all to a Reform of the House of Lords.

There are two grand difficulties in the way of this Reform, one of the most practical, the other of a more theoretical kind. The first is the amazing power over the

Executive Government with which the Constitution invests the Peers. No politician is unaware of the Lords' power over legislation, but the bulk of the people scarcely notice that it is far less than their power over the Executive Government. Partly from their authority as born legislators, partly from their social supremacy, but mainly from prerogatives conferred by statute, thirty or forty gentlemen, described by Mr. Disraeli as "the Political Peers," men generally of ability and energy, but belonging in sympathies and opinions to another century, claim, and exercise the right of appointing half the Committee or Cabinet to which the Executive Government of the country is entrusted. Three, if not more, of the seven great offices must be entrusted to them, that is, must be divided among such of the Political Peers as agree with the Government of the day,—a limitation on her Majesty's right of selection without a precedent in the world. This enormous privilege, which quadruples or quintuples their power as legislators, enables the Peers to break up any Cabinet with which they may differ on measures affecting the Order,—which has an immovable *esprit de corps*,—and makes it therefore indispensable that the demand for Reform should come, in the first instance, not from Government, but from the electors, who, to make their demands effectual, must make them definite. Clearly the first of them should be the repeal of any statute limiting the Crown's right of selection to any political office, or giving any preference to one order of men over another, or defining in any way the number of offices which shall be assigned to each House. No statute of that kind can be defensible in principle. The power of the Crown to choose the best rulers is already limited as regards half the Cabinet to six hundred gentlemen, but they are selected by the constituencies, and to limit it as regards the other half to forty more, who are selected only by birth, is a superfluity of naughtiness, a needless effort to make Government incapable. The next demand should be, if the electors decide that they desire two Houses, which we do not pretend to do, for the introduction of two hundred Life Peers, so that there may be a perpetual influx of men imbued with the ideas and wishes of the time; and the third should be the reduction of the theoretical power of the Upper House to a level with their real power, that is, its limitation to a right to send a Bill or a clause back to the Commons for one more debate. Bills

should be passed through Committee of the Commons, then be sent up to the Lords, and then be sent back to the Commons for a debate on the Lords' amendments. The absolute veto would, of course, be withdrawn, like the absolute veto of the Crown. This arrangement would be sufficient to prevent undue precipitancy in the action of the Commons, would allow the Lords to address the country even more freely than at present, for they would be less fettered by responsibility, and would permit of the business-like revision, which the group of passed statesmen in the Peers bring to bear on Bills. It would secure, in fact, all the advantages which the believers in mixed constitutions, that is, in the use of drags for uphill work, hope to secure from the Upper House, while it would leave the ultimate power of government entirely to the Commons. It would, without any disturbance of ancient forms, bring the theory of the Constitution into accordance with its facts, would leave us still nominally under a legislature composed of Kings, Lords, and Commons — magic words still with so many worthy folk — but would place the substance of power in the hands to which it belongs, those of the Representatives of the people.

We say these are the demands for the electors to make, if they desire the House of Lords to continue; but for ourselves, we should infinitely prefer, in the interest of conservatism, to see the House of Lords extinguished formally by an act which prohibited fresh creations, annulled the new peerages necessary to vote the passing of the Bill, and distinctly affirmed the right of the Peers to sit in the House of Commons. The resolution of the Lower House by which they are prohibited from interfering in elections is a relic of a passed away time. Let them interfere as much as they please, like anybody else. The great body of them would remain just what they are now, dignified landowners of considerable social, but no political use, whose ideas are out of keeping with modern requirements, but whose lives help, or may help, to keep up a standard of living which, whether better or not, is at least different from that of the rich bourgeoisie, and so lends colour to a world that tends to become all grey. The limited number, perhaps fifty, of political Peers who would

endure the turmoil of elections would, on the other hand, indefinitely strengthen the Commons; would bring into the House much independence, a large amount of administrative ability, and, above all, that cosmopolitan knowledge in which the Representatives are so deficient that they are hardly equal to the conduct of a great debate upon foreign affairs, unless indeed those affairs are American. Such an arrangement would, moreover, be infinitely more just to the Peers who work and think, whose utility has not been destroyed so much by their own fault as by an impossible position, and who, in the Commons, would rapidly renew their intellectual sympathy with the country, now lost through their isolation, their freedom from criticism, and their pride in imaginary or injurious prerogatives. They would, no doubt, be conservative; but their conservatism would not be of the wealthy middle-class Liberal type, but of another and higher one, consistent with the first great truth of politics, that the State is more sacred than all the individuals within it. Lord Salisbury in that gilded cage is a nuisance, a big bird screaming out unpleasantnesses with no result but dissonance; but in the Commons he would be a force, securing expression at the centre of power to ideas that want expression there — say, for example, that mobs shan't rule — and compelling Liberals as they advance to justify advance by larger and loftier exposition. Mr. Cardwell is well enough to convince Mr. Moneybag, but with the political Peers in the House, instead of its gilded succursale, Mr. Cardwell would have to make way for some one who would not be intellectually smashed. The present arrangement only guts the House — pardon the Saxon — of its conservative fighting force, without compensating the country by unity and speed of legislation; deprives the electors of aid of high value in counsel, yet leaves us, as Lord Salisbury said, "with the slowest Legislature and the weakest Executive in the world." If, however, the electors would prefer, as English electors always do prefer, a feeble course which retains forms to a bold course which sets them aside, their demands should be "Life Peers, a Commons Cabinet, and no Veto" for the Lords.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY IN THE GERMAN WAR.—Herr Wachenhusen points out in the Cologne Gazette that Prince Bismarck could easily have rendered Gambetta's *levée en masse* during the late war innocuous "if he had thought it worth while, or (which also is not improbable) if Prussian thriftiness had been able to put its hand in its pocket." Mr. Remington, the principal agent for the purchase of arms employed by the Tours government, ordered, says Herr Wachenhusen, 350,000 rifles and about 75,000,000 cartridges in America for the use of the new French army of the republic. These arms were purchased partly from private firms, partly from the United States government, which, "in order to preserve a show of neutrality," sold arms "to American citizens without inquiring about their destination, although neither the government nor any one else in New York had any doubts on the subject, and the arms were at once shipped direct for France under their eyes." The arms were to be sold by auction, but the sale was postponed for a fortnight at the request of Herr von Gerolt, the German ambassador, who telegraphed to Prince Bismarck for authority to pay the necessary deposit of 20 per cent., which would suffice to shut up for a time the source on which Gambetta relied for arming his new troops. "The prince's reply arrived on the 18th of October, the day fixed for the sale. Bismarck wrote that it was a matter of indifference to him who bought the arms and where they went to, and he did not consider the conduct of the American government a violation of neutrality. . . . Two days after all the arms were shipped for France. If the German chancellor did not care where they went to, why should the American government? . . . Remington afterwards sold to France during the war 100 batteries fully provided with ammunition, &c., and his manufactory is now delivering to the French government 1200 rifles a day, as his contract does not expire till next September. With these weapons Gambetta armed the northern, western and southern armies. On the Loire the arms we found were almost exclusively American, and the first batteries of breech-loaders which General d'Aurelle de Paladines brought up against us at Coulmiers were probably from Remington's works. . . . The American arms have not saved France, but if the German chancellor had paid the deposit of 20 per cent., Gambetta would hardly have been able to arm new troops in addition to the army of the Loire, which, moreover, would itself not have been ready." Herr Wachenhusen adds that Prince Bismarck evidently foresaw, when he determined not to stop the supply of these arms to France, that he would get them cheaper on the Loire than in America—a calculation which will hardly be appreciated by the wives and children of the German soldiers who perished in the sanguinary battles round Orleans.

SWEDEN AND SPITZBERGEN.—It would seem that the Swedish government has not quite abandoned its project of annexing Spitzbergen, for its ambassador at St. Petersburg, M. Björnstjerna, has again raised the question in a letter addressed to the Journal de St. Petersburg, and the publication of this letter by the semi-official organ of the Russian foreign office is regarded as a sign that Prince Gortschakoff has not yet made up his mind on the subject. M. Björnstjerna points out, in addition to the arguments in his first letter, that in 1808 the maps of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg represented Spitzbergen as Norwegian territory, and that the name of Grulanda or Gralant, which is stated by Russian journalists to be the old Russian name of the archipelago, is merely a corruption of the Germano-Scandinavian word Grönland, which was given to Spitzbergen by its first discoverers (Barents in 1596 and Hudson in 1607) who mistook it for part of Greenland. From this M. Björnstjerna infers that the Russians could not have discovered Spitzbergen, as they only knew it by a foreign name. If colonization is to be regarded as giving a right to the possession of the territory, the Dutch, English and Hamburgers would have a better claim to it than Russia. On the other hand, the Exchange Gazette of St. Petersburg and the journal of the same name which is published at Moscow say there are upwards of twenty ukases of Peter the Great and Catherine II. in which Spitzbergen is mentioned as a Russian territory, and appeal to the opinion expressed in 1866 by Mr. Campbell, the United States ambassador at Stockholm, in support of their statement that the frontier between Russia and Norway is "unnatural and offensive to Russian national feeling."

A CLIMBING FERN.—This plant (*Lygodium palmatum*) exists and flourishes in its wild state within the borders of "old Essex," U.S. The writer in the "American Naturalist" discovered this rare and attractive plant in 1869, while exploring "Lynn Woods," in the vicinity of the famous "Penny Bridge." The locality of its haunt is within the limits of Saugus, and not far from that romantic spot known as the Pirates' Glen. Specimens have been obtained having a stalk or "vine" nearly four feet in length. "As the climbing fern is one of the most rare, graceful, and attractive plants found in this country, it is a matter of satisfaction to know that we have it growing in our woodland valleys." This fern has been found, though rarely, in Florida, Kentucky, and Massachusetts. In Virginia it is often seen, and it has been found in several other localities.